Aug. 4, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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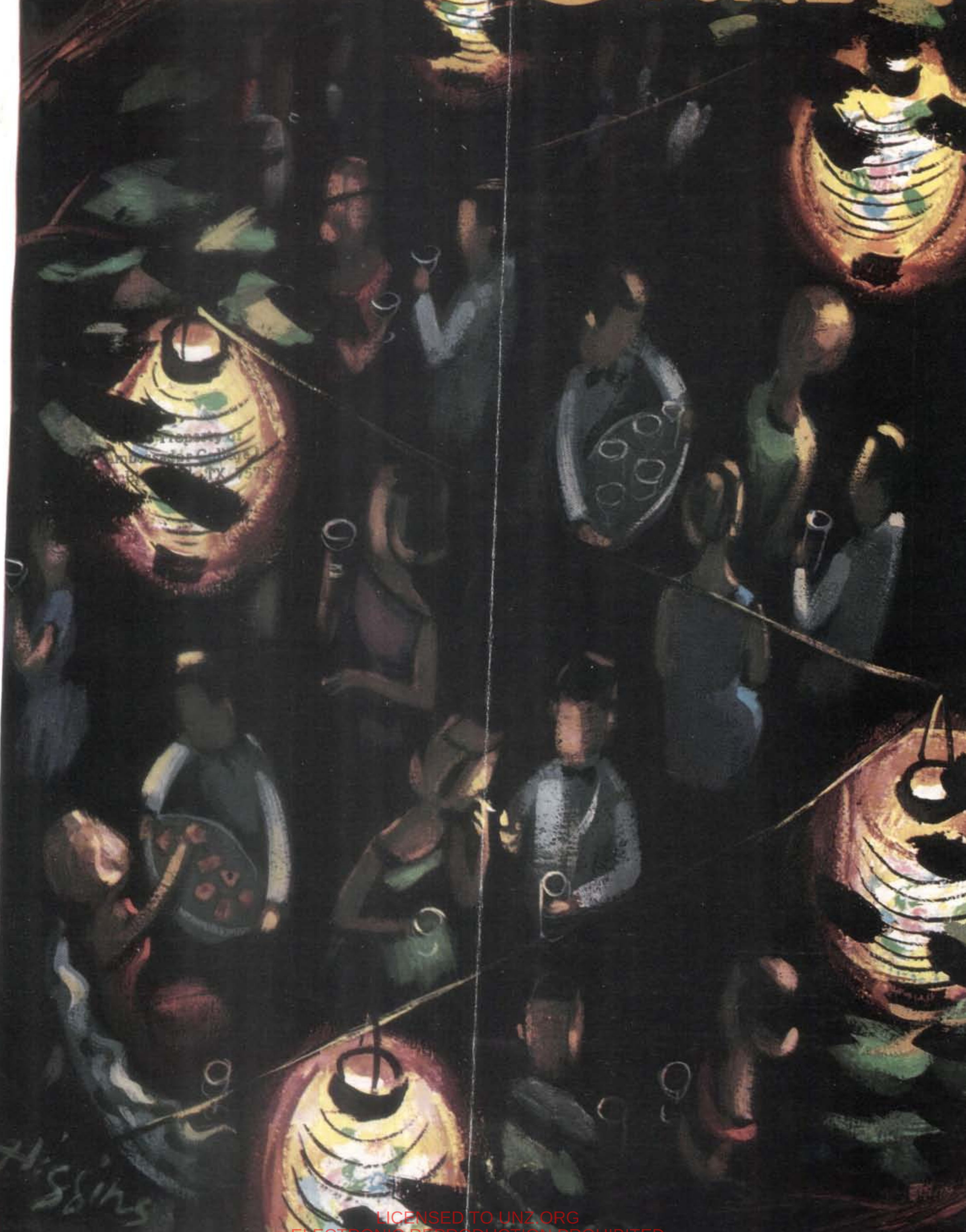

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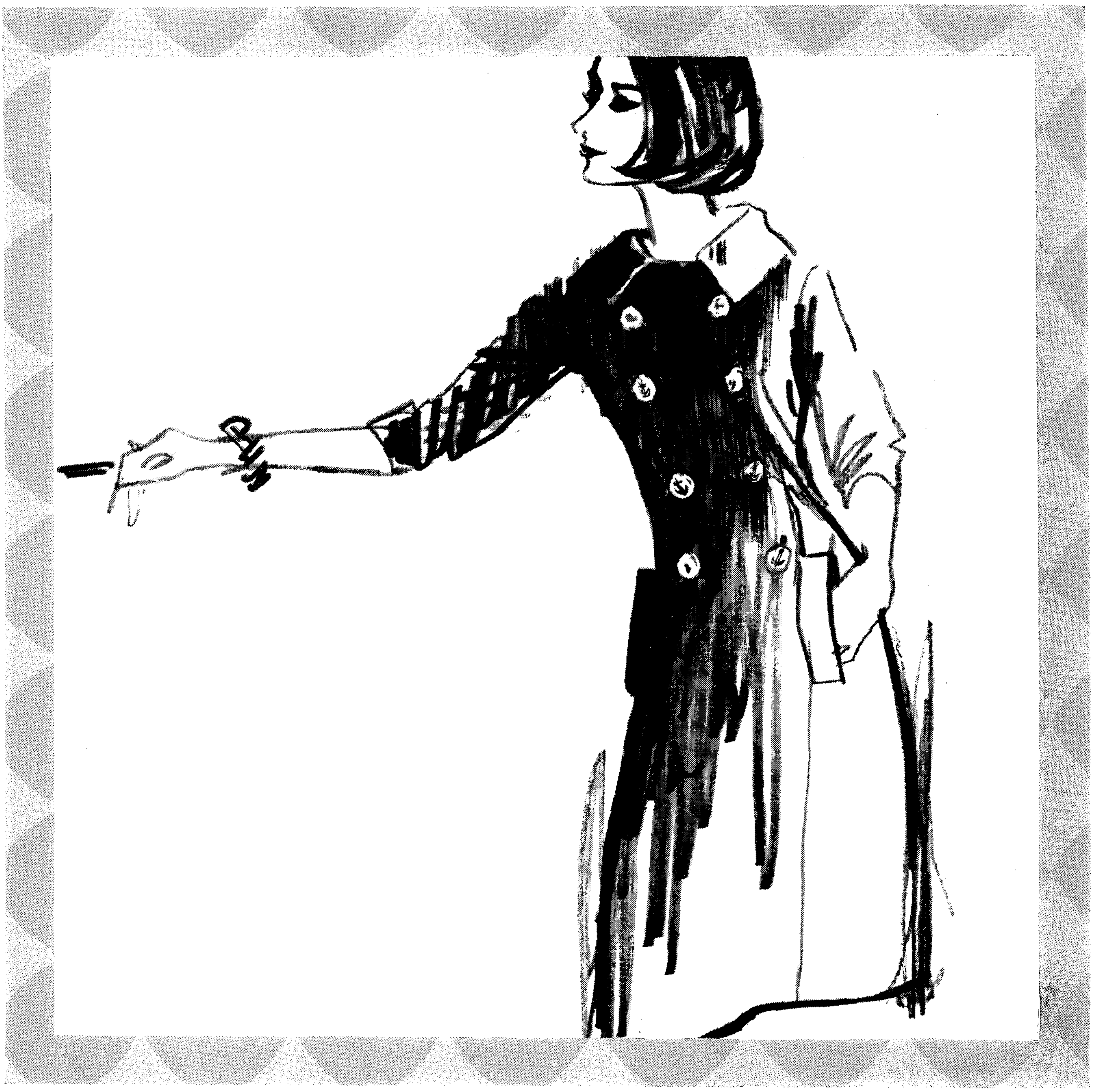

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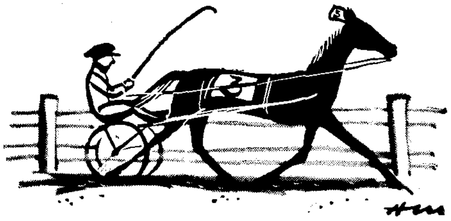
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—A distinguished play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, and Shelley Winters as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—COME BLOW YOUR HORN: Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Tom Poston, Martin Huston, and Lou Jacobi are now in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Julia Meade (substituting for Barbara Bel Geddes), Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A SHOT IN THE DARK:** Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered while spending an evening in her quarters. William Shatner, Fritz Weaver, and Louise Troy support Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are *quite wonderful.* Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CAMELOT: King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Susan Watson portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. Among her associates are James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, and Jane Kean. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Jeannie Carson and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

American Savoyards—The opening performances of a four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan. Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 7:30: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 7:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:40: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 4: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 24, August 4, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Henderson Forsythe, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as a most plausible Stephen Dedalus. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran *comedians*—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Tempest," with Paul Stevens, James Earl Jones, and Kathleen Widdoes. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 4.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Through the looking glass. A certain animation is imparted to the tableau by Freddie Jagels' good little dance band and Freddy Alonso's Latinists. The adjoining Champagne Room, where Gleb Yellin's piano broods, is for people who *think* they'd like to get away from it all. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where Renato Rossini's body-and-soul guitar soliloquizes, and Phil Wayne's dance trio burbles, more or less from apéritif time to curfew night after night. On Tuesday, Aug. 7, Stanley Worth's band, the regular deal here, replaces the Waynes. Another band fills in for all hands on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Till the sands of New York grow cold, the Persian Room will always have (it is *to* be hoped) cheerful bands like Milt Shaw's and Mark Monte's gabbling away; till the Sands of Las Vegas grows cold, we will always have song recitals like those of Kitty Kallen, whose decathlon comes to a stop on Saturday, Aug. 4. On Monday, Aug. 6, Hildegarde (the girl who made Milwaukee and the handkerchief famous) joins up. One appearance an evening during the week and two on Fridays and Saturdays is the female regimen. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, a huge recreation area, is sounding more like New York since Gunnar Hansen's band reported for duty. Closed Sundays.

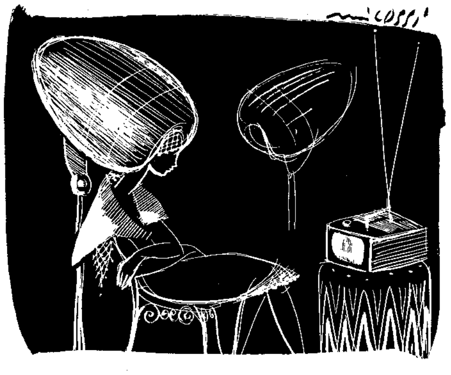
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The pennies from this genuine heaven are provided by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble, and the continuous cotillion is provided by the guests. No action on Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday, from cocktails through supper, in the leisurely Savoy Room, turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): People you know going on just as they would on their own front porch, even though there's a leavening of utter strangers. For one and all, Budd Gregg plays social piano from eight on. Closes for the summer on Sunday, Aug. 5.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, around about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Saturday, Aug. 4, is the temporary end of this road to Rome and its circulating library of violinists and accordionists.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Met may come, the Met may go, but this Florentine opera house lasts forever. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri IV's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A summer-replacement operation at the moment, except for Woody Allen and his very young nervous-breakdown humor. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, the court musicians, have yet another way of showing which way madness lies. Closed Mondays.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. Sundays, there's dancing from two to seven; Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing after eight.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic's whoop-de-do voice and piano start their call to arms at ten in the well-cushioned small greenroom, and Andy Hamon's sort of soulful voice and piano are due at the same hour. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday.



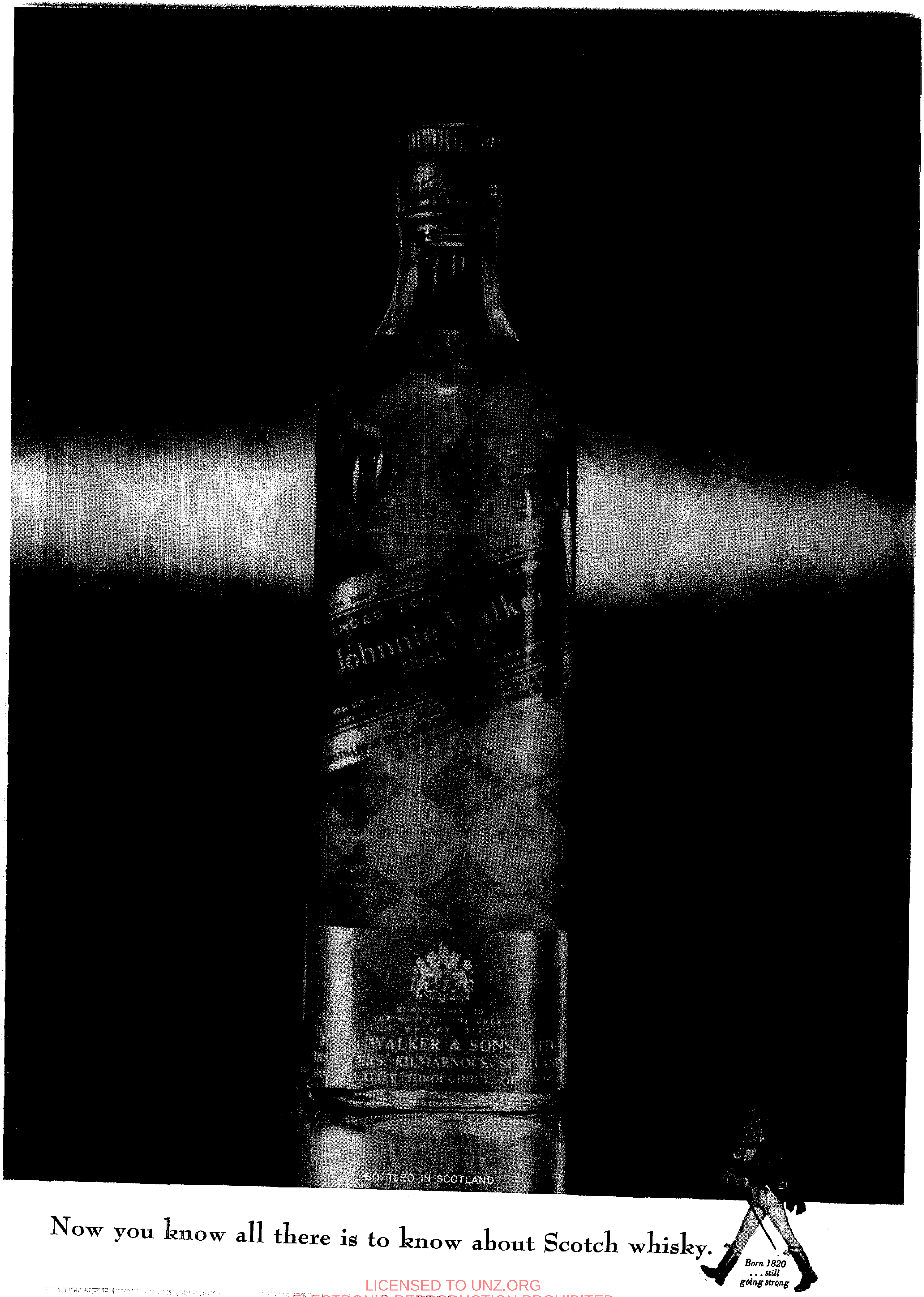
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Nothing here troubles the careworn mind, since the principal subject matter is not the body politic but the body of the species beautiful. Among the numerous specimens are the girls of an enormous earthbound ballet, not to mention the girls of the Wallenda aerial ballet. A reminder that life can be earthbound, and even earthy, is presented by the chatter of Jack Durant. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Barbra Streisand, who heaps coals of fire on most of her ballads, also does to perfection introspective bits like Leonard Bernstein's songs about children; Peter Daniels' trio, her helpmeet, lends them all lots of local color. Her other companions are Bob Lewis, a this-way-and-that-way wit, and the puissant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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Phoenix Singers, a triad of voices once worthily involved in the Belafonte Singers. Mr. Lewis will be withdrawn from circulation on Saturday, Aug. 4; on Monday, Aug. 6, he'll be replaced by Georgie Kaye, a comical character who has been in self-analysis for years. . . . ¶ Late at night, in the lounge, the Daniels threesome does a reprise. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A new shipment of singers, musicians, and dancers—nearly all Andalusian, from the castanets on their fingers to the bells on their toes—has just been unpacked in the showroom. Between the sessions of song and prance, Pupi Campo's dance band calls upon the customers to be agile, too. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven," an apparently inexhaustible revue, resembles the first edition in name only, for both cast and conversation have been reorganized, often beyond recognition. Cy Young is first-rate in his skits, however, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Many a suggestion of life in Limehouse, though not when Matt Dennis is being his lyric, lighthearted, larking self at his piano. His words and cadenzas are reinforced by a trio.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The sound comes from the trio of Bill Evans, whose modern warp and woof has the elegance of Gobelin tapestries, and the band of Shelly Manne, a phoenix rather infrequent in these parts. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but firm hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Raising Cain for Fun and Profit" is the title of the new brochure issued night after night by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies and by Charlie Shavers' quintet. They withdraw, with their well-gotten gains, on Thursday, Aug. 9; next evening, Woody Herman's band takes up the cudgels, a favorite instrument hereabouts. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Ramsey Lewis rides a Western saddle on his trio, and Louis Bellson, once the Ellington bombardier, rides the drums for a band of his own. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims, home from the Benny Goodman retreat from Moscow, has rejoined hands with Al Cohn and the rest of their old quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Ahmad Jamal's trio, which doesn't need to take candy away from a baby, will be spelled, on and after Monday, Aug. 6, by Arvell Shaw's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the bar. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If lemon peel is an insufficient supplement to one's espresso, there's always folk music of sorts in this frontier tavern, most vociferously from the Clara Ward Gospel Singers, who get not only their voices but their feet into the act. These players all stay home Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Old World (Coleman Hawkins' quartet) and the New World (Thelonious Monk's quartet) are well met in an extremely diversified portfolio of American music. In addition, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, there is Horace Silver's fivesome, a splinter group whose lamentations may leave you as cool as they leave the Silver music. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Just weekend get-togethers—Thursdays through Saturdays—is the summer diet. On Aug. 2-4, the preceptors will be Chris Connor, who does all her ballads on a very, very sliding scale, and Duke Ellington's orchestra, a mighty oak as full as ever of unleashed (and sometimes leashed) power; on Aug. 9-11, the preceptors will be the valiant Gerry Mulligan, who's returned to his first love, the small group (in this case a quartet); Joe Williams (and you know what his voice did to the walls of Jericho); and Herbie Mann's Pan-Caribbean, Pan-African jazz band, which is a not especially concealed pagan dance band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through Sept. 7. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings and seascapes; through Aug. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: A summer show of new paintings by the gallery group, including Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and William Gropper; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Among the twentieth-century artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures are Russell Cowles, Carl Morris, and George Rickey; through Friday, Aug. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis, and other gallery artists in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: A show of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Aug. 31. . . . **LEWISON,** 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilien Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Friday, Aug. 10.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The ninth annual loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by Degas, Monet, Renoir, and others. It is supplemented by a group of French sculptures by Rodin, Maillol, and others, lent by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Chinese porcelains from the bequest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., notably several Ming three-color temple jars and K'ang-hsi vases and plates in *famille noir*, *famille jaune*, and *famille verte*. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Braque, Gris, and Giacometti) from the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and so on; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A work apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

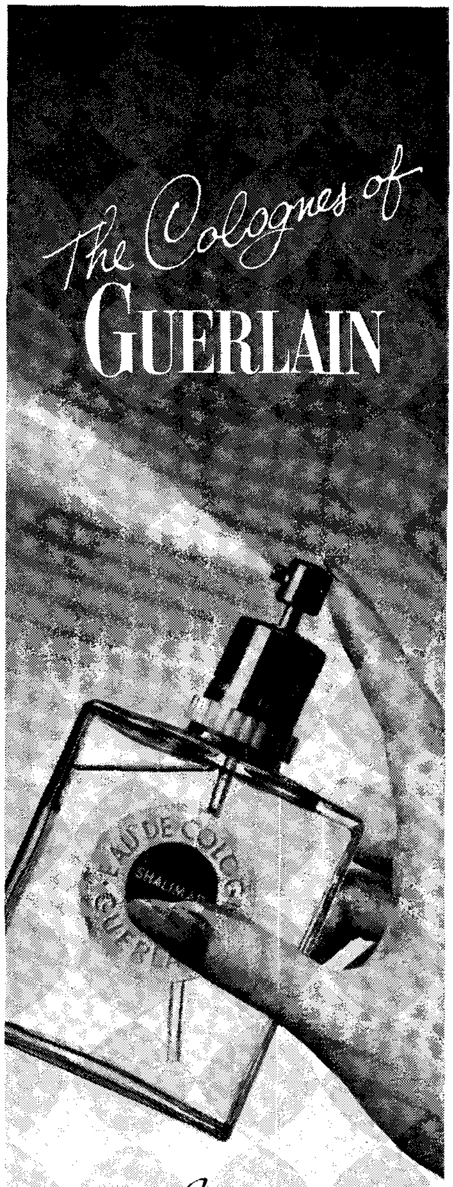
MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 2: Josef Krips conducting the last concert in a Brahms festival, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Josef Krips conducting a program of music by Johann Strauss, with Roberta Peters, soprano. . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a Beethoven festival. Tuesday, Aug. 7: With Erick Friedman, violin. Wednesday, Aug. 8: With Lorin Hollander, piano. Thursday, Aug. 9: A performance of the Ninth Symphony, with Pierrette Alarie, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Norman Farrow, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; and Jack Russell, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Charles Libove, violin. The first in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—The third and fourth in a series of free weekly concerts. Thursday, Aug. 2: Richard Korn conducting an orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: George Seuffert conducting a band. (Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

CHAMBER MUSIC IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—Henry Lewis conducting a chamber orchestra, with



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Temps de chien

(commonly known in our world as "the dog days") is that incredible period that begins the day you don't want to wear your pale green linen to a party and ends the day it's cool enough for a lightweight woolen. It has been our feeling that fashion fools itself with the idea of four distinct seasons when there are actually six. One can cope with the in-between Spring days in a more or less chic manner, but the month that edges the end of Summer and the beginning of Fall is not such a breeze.

Frankly, we frown on the reliable crêpes and dismal dark cottons. They certainly are no answer to the smart woman's wardrobe problem. A number of our best customers go abroad in late August and September where it's hot hot hot in Italy, stifling in Spain, and France simply never cottoned to air conditioning. This year we made up our fashionable mind to have not only the right clothes for these people, but good clothes. A woman who wears fine clothes all year is not going to feel right in cheap cottons just because it's Summer — and we underline, we do not think a sleeveless black dress should be the uniform of the American abroad. To once and for all cope with the climate in Hong Kong or a party in Hyannis Port, we built a collection we call "dog day clothes" to span this season.

We like, for instance, the early blooming silk gros de Londres. A simply splendid two piece, easy to wear dress we had designed in a deep print of mustard, navy and pink. Wear it with our Carnegie fake ruby drop earrings, 8.00, and call Lester Lanin. The dress is in 8 to 16 sizes, 90.00.

For an East Hampton party around Labor Day, we suggest our own printed silk chiffon in Fall-toned abstract print. It's fresh, cool, smart, has the slogan, "wear it now, it pays later," which means you'll surely take it to Barbados in December. Sizes 8 to 16, 110.00.

Air-India to London is great fun. You get an eye shade, purple booties, the stewardess wears a sari. You can be as comfortable as she is if your traveling companion is the pure silk tweed shown here. Black and white stripe, outlined in black braid, completely lined. An all weather weight, featherweight dress that packs well—and it helps at customs to look this chic. 8 to 18 sizes, 70.00.

This is only a sampling of our Blue Room pets. There are at least fifty more to choose from that fit this time of year. We think you'll find Hattie Carnegie probably the only place in the wide wide city that offers full time taste—it's high time you paid us a visit. 42 East 49 Street, New York.

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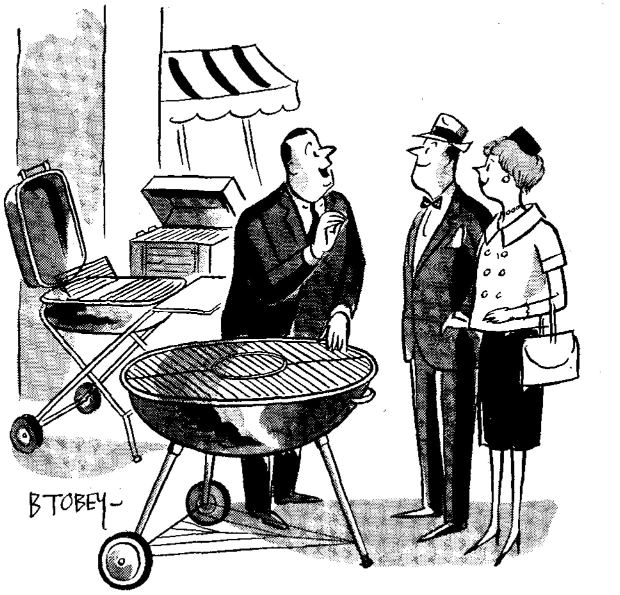

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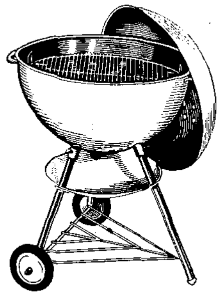

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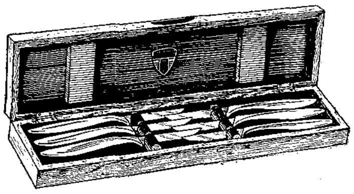

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Marilyn Horne, soprano. The first in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 6, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, Aug. 2: The Kenny Dorham quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: The Max Roach chorus and orchestra, with Abbey Lincoln. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops, with Earl Wild, piano. A benefit for the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 8: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony, with Samuel Mayes, cello, and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8: William Steinberg conducting a Beethoven-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8: A chamber-music program by the Beaux Arts Trio of New York. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Bartók program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Friday, Aug. 3, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 4, at 3:30: The Weavers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Les Brown's band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: George Shearing's quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 3:30: Olatunji and his company of African singers, dancers, and drummers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's band. (Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Irma Rogell, harpsichord. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 5, at 4.)

NOTE—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Sonia Arova and Job Sanders, and Myra Kinch and her company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11: Sonia Arova and Job Sanders, Hernán Baldrich, and Carmen de Lavallade and her company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, Aug. 4: Katherine Litz and Paul Taylor and his company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Pearl Lang and her company and Daniel Nagrin. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 3, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 4, at 1 (doubleheader); and Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. *Minnesota, Monday,* Aug. 6, at 8, and Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2 and 8.

BOXING—Farid Salim vs. Wilbert McClure, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Aug. 4. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Sunningdale Country Club, Scarsdale. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 9-12.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 11.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 25. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 2; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 4; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 11. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2;

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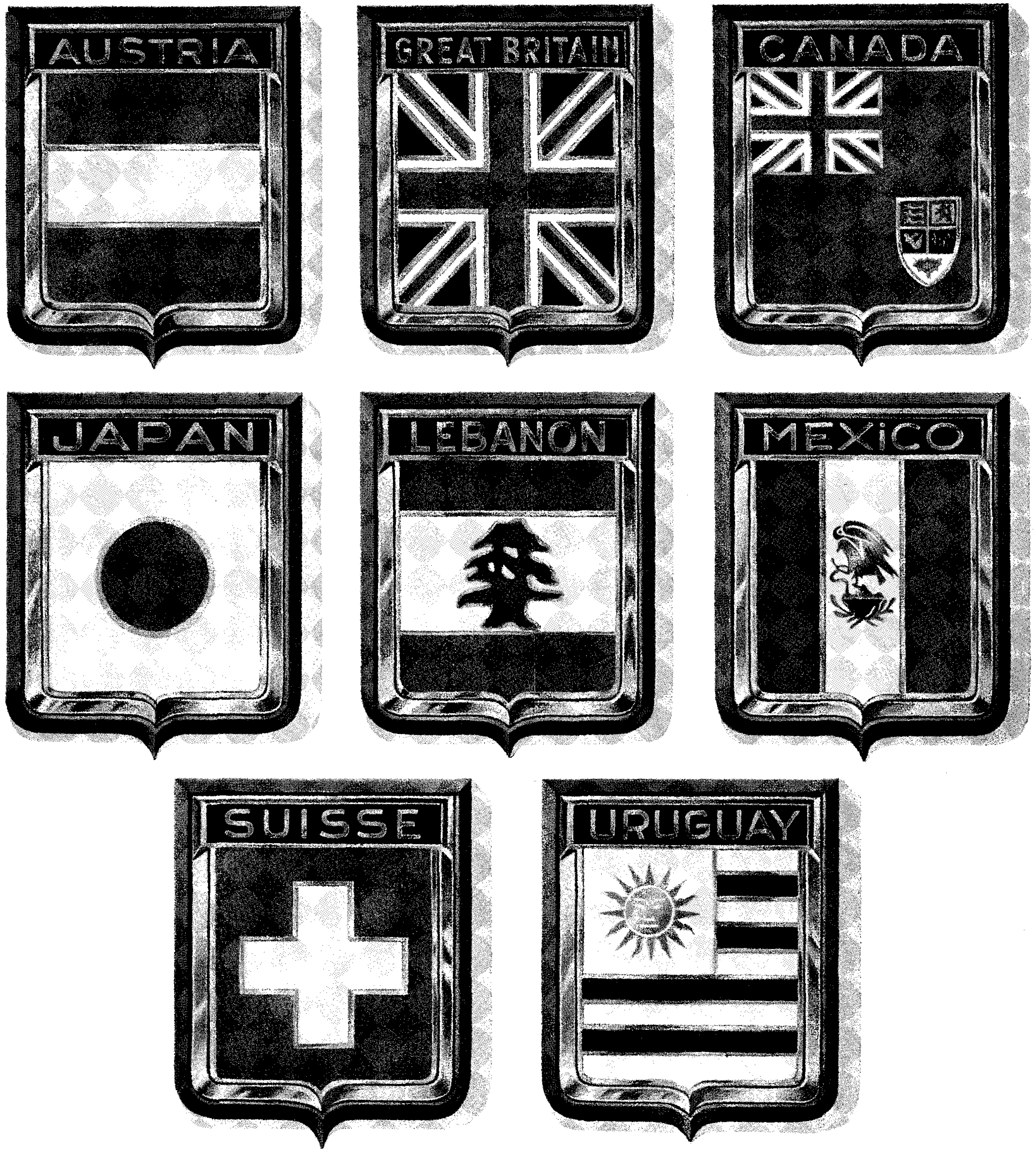
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 6, through Tuesday, Oct. 2. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: Final game of the 1962 championship playoffs. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 5, at 4.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 4, at 1.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 5.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 6-12.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Aug. 12. Aug. 27-29, Aug. 31-Sept. 5, and Sept. 7-9. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Aug. 14-15, Aug. 17-26, Sept. 10, and Sept. 14-15.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 9.)

Horse Shows—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Aug. 23-25.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 1-3.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 6-9.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 13-16.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 8 and Sept. 15.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: American Challenge Cup. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Aug. 12.)

Sports-Car Racing—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 25. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sept. 2-3.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 13-19.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 19-26.) . . . ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 29-Sept. 9.)

Yachting—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Aug. 15.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Aug. 21-26.) . . . ¶ America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Sept. 15.)

Ballet—Bolshoi Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 6-29. . . . ¶ Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, at the City Center, Sept. 11-23.

Other Dates—Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 29-Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 31-Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal income-tax payments are due Saturday, Sept. 15. New York State, being more civilized, requires its tribute on Monday, Sept. 17.

Q What Does Over-the-Counter Mean?

A Probably the most confusing and least understood term in the securities business is *over-the-counter*. Actually, the over-the-counter market is simply a method of buying and selling securities without a centralized market place. Securities dealers all over the country do business with one another over a network of telephones instead of meeting in one place and bargaining face to face, as they do on stock-exchange floors.

In fact, only a few thousand securities are listed on the country's stock exchanges and traded there. The stocks of all other publicly-owned companies, from small local companies to large industrial concerns, are traded in the over-the-counter market. That means that the securities of perhaps 40,000 companies are bought and sold on the telephone in over-the-counter transactions.

What kinds of securities are traded over-the-counter? All kinds, including most U. S. Government securities, municipal bonds, most bank and insurance-company stocks, most corporate bonds, many Canadian and foreign securities, and a large number of stocks of utilities and industrial companies of all sizes. Some over-the-counter stocks are those of small, young companies, and it is these stocks, many with attractive growth possibilities, that have given the over-the-counter market much of its glamour. Many companies never apply for listing on an exchange; they stay in the over-the-counter market even when they are well-established. Dun & Bradstreet, Dictaphone Corporation, Time, Inc., and Weyerhaeuser are examples.

How do over-the-counter brokers and dealers keep track of prices, since they have no ticker tape? They are in touch with one another by telephone all day, exchanging information about actively traded issues. And every day the National Quotation Bureau publishes and distributes to dealers printed quotations on some 8,000 securities. Many big-city newspapers also print bid-and-asked quotations on over-the-counter securities. These quotations, supplied by the National Association of Securities Dealers, do not represent actual transactions but are a guide to the range within which these securities could have been bought or sold at the time of compilation. Merrill Lynch has a separate over-the-counter quote wire for internal use which carries the latest bid-and-asked prices from its Marketing Department in New York to all 150 offices in the system throughout the trading day.

In over-the-counter transactions, a firm may act as either principal or agent in buying and selling securities. When it acts as an agent, it performs the same kind of brokerage function for a customer as it does in handling a transaction on the floor of an exchange. It buys or sells the stock at the best price it can get and charges the customer a commission. When the firm operates as a principal, it buys or sells at a net price, for a profit rather than a commission. If the customer wants to buy, it offers the stock at a net price; if the customer wants to sell, the dealer quotes a net price at which he is willing to buy. In such trades, no commission is involved; the dealer simply quotes a price which generally yields him a profit.

At Merrill Lynch, we have a rule that says that in ordinary transactions with our customers our charge above the prevailing wholesale price shall approximate what we would have received as a commission on a comparable New York Stock Exchange transaction. Furthermore, we sell on a net-price basis only those stocks on our qualified list, approved by our Research Department. We handle other over-the-counter orders on a commission basis, buying or selling the stock at the best price obtainable and charging the equivalent of a New York Stock Exchange commission.

NEXT WEEK: *What Are Bid and Asked Quotations?*

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PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's smooth melodrama about political life in an imaginary city called Washington, D.C. Superlative acting by a passel of attractive stars. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

La Belle Américaine—A French comedy full of very old-fashioned and therefore brand-new gags, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. If it isn't offensive to say so, this is a picture for the whole family. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 5-6, last showing at 4.)

The Devil's Eye—After being obliged to seduce the same woman over and over for a couple of centuries in Hell, Don Juan is dispatched to earth to practice his wiles on a fresh victim. Though Ingmar Bergman devises any number of paradoxes to adorn this theme, the result isn't quite as witty as it should be. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 3.)

Hatari!—An amusing, sporadically exciting, and very long movie about the trapping of wild animals in Tanganyika. John Wayne is the man who brings them back alive, and he is assisted by Red Buttons and Elsa Martinelli, among others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 7, tentative.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Grandma's boy made good in pictures a long time ago, and this one shows just how he did it. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

A Matter of WHO—Terry-Thomas is at his jauntiest as a detective for World Health Organization, overcoming all obstacles to track down the source of a possible smallpox epidemic. The obstacles include the British Foreign Office and a sinister conspiracy in Middle Eastern oil. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Miracle Worker—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted with passion and purpose by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 8.)

Money, Money, Money—Jean Gabin is in top form in this French comedy about a successful old criminal who comes out of retirement to steer a trio of fumbling crooks through a counterfeiting operation. With Bernard Blier and Martine Carol. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 8, tentative.)

NOW PLAYING

Shoot the Piano Player—Using any number of practical and impractical cinematic jokes, François Truffaut, who wrote and directed this brilliant French movie, somehow manages to tell a sad and haunting story about a pianist in a Paris café. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—An outrageously secondhand and yet glossily new version of the farce about the wealthy man-about-town who tries to seduce a poor but pretty virgin. Starring Doris Day and Cary Grant, who have their parts down pat, and no wonder. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 8, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 8, tentative.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

At the Circus (1939)—Disappointing, since it's a Marx Brothers affair, and for the loyal only. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 7.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 5-6, last showing at 2:20.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers again, this time at—well, at the races. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 7.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 6-8.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 7-8.)

Go West (1941)—Still more Marx Brothers, here interpreting life on the wild plains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 3-6.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 3-4.)

Night Affair (1961)—Murder in Paris. Jean Gabin is the detective and two of his suspects are Nadja Tiller and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers *again*, now cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 3-6.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 6-8.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

Secrets of Women (1961)—A comic appraisal of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 4-5.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 2.)

The Truth (1961)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. With Brigitte Bardot. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through Aug. 4, showings at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "To Have and Have Not" (1944), with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Aug. 5-7, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Big Sleep" (1946), with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 8, showings at 3: "Red River" (1948), with Montgomery Clift and John Wayne. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

Cinerama (formerly Capitol), B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
From Aug. 7, at 8:30: "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Notorious Landlady," Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HATARI!

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Aug. 2: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 3: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.
From Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 7: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.
From Aug. 8: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Aug. 2: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
Aug. 3-5: "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.
Aug. 6-7: "The Delicate Delinquent," revival, Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer; and "The Sad Sack," revival, Jerry Lewis, David Wayne.
From Aug. 8: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Aug. 5: "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.
From Aug. 6: "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Michael Wilding.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Notorious Landlady," Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH, revival; and "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 7: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.
From Aug. 8: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 7: "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.
From Aug. 8: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 3: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
Aug. 4-7: "The Sad Sack," revival, Jerry Lewis, David Wayne; and "The Delicate Delinquent," revival, Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.
From Aug. 8: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 2: "The Eternal Return," revival, Jean Marais; and "The Strange Ones," revival—both Jean Cocteau films, in French.
Aug. 3-6: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **GO WEST**, revival.
From Aug. 7: **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and **AT THE CIRCUS**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 5: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.
Aug. 6-8: **DETECTIVE STORY**, revival; and **THE ROSE TATTOO**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 3: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish); and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 4-5: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Three Strange Loves" (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 6-7: "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
From Aug. 8: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 3: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
Aug. 4-7: "The Sad Sack," revival, Jerry Lewis, David Wayne; and "The Delicate Delinquent," revival, Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.
From Aug. 8: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).
From Aug. 8 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP
STOP

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A MATTER OF WHO.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 6: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Aug. 7: "War Hunt," John Saxon, Robert Redford.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 3: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
Aug. 4-7: "The Sad Sack," revival, Jerry Lewis, David Wayne; and "The Delicate Delinquent," revival, Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.
From Aug. 8: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 2: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
Aug. 3-4: **THE MISFITS**, revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Aug. 5-6 (last showing at 2:20): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French); and **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 6, at 7 and 9:30: "Broken Blossoms" (silent), Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess.
Aug. 7-8: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 7: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.
From Aug. 8: To be announced.

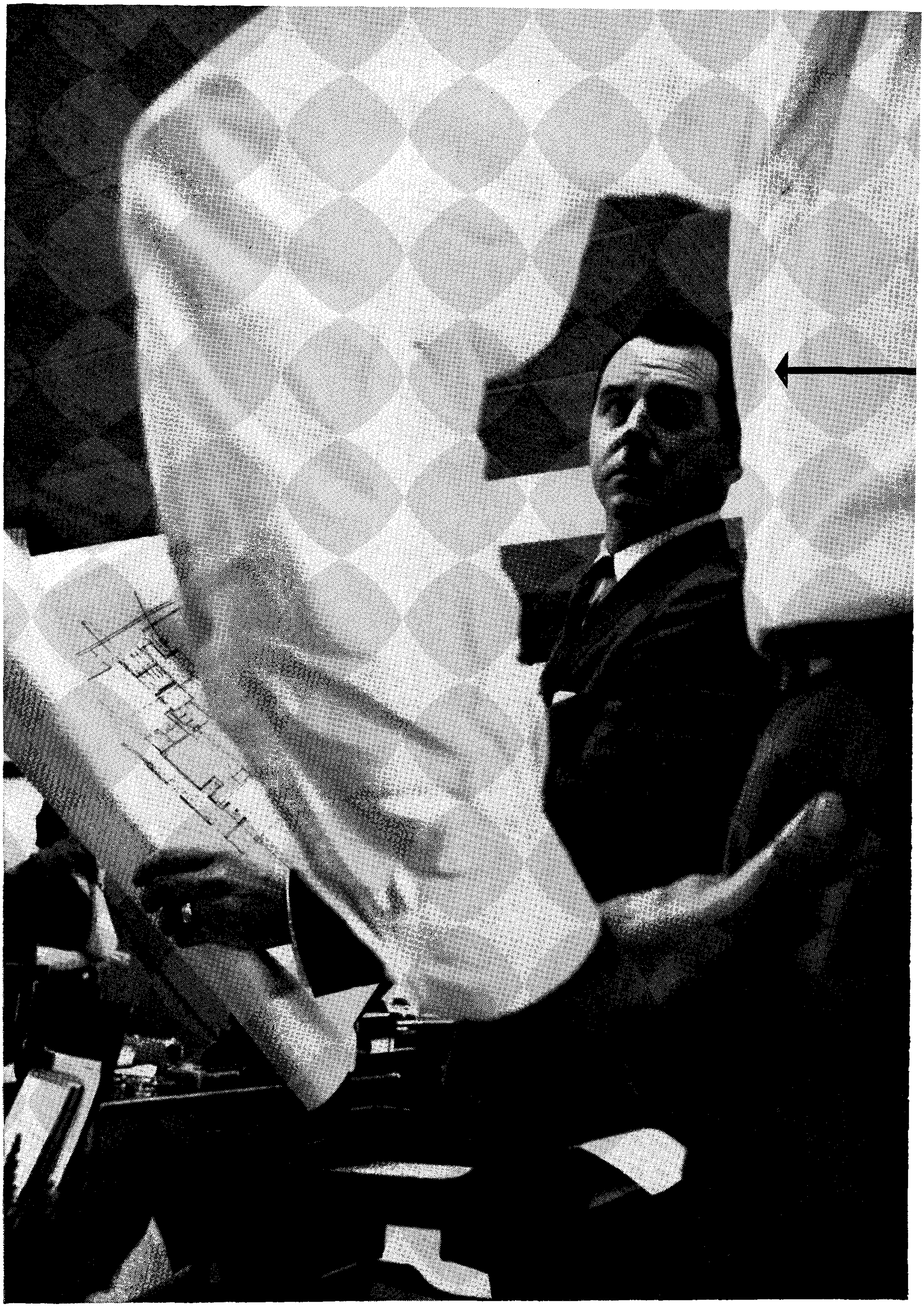
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 2: "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players; and "Concert of Stars" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Aug. 3: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival.
Aug. 4: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
Aug. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian), revival, Mario Del Monaco; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Lucia Evangelista, Giulio Gari.
Aug. 6: "Return to Glenescaul," and two other short films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Aug. 7: **THE TRUTH** and **NIGHT AFFAIR** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 8: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Safety Match" (in Russian), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.
From Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 3: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
Aug. 4-7: "The Sad Sack," revival, Jerry Lewis, David Wayne; and "The Delicate Delinquent," revival, Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.
From Aug. 8: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.
From Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.



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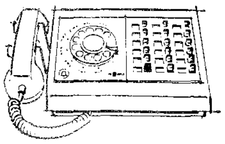

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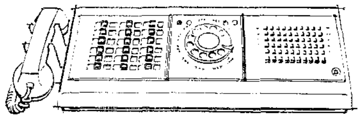

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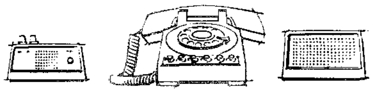

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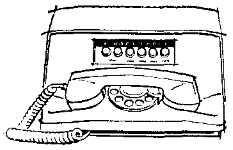

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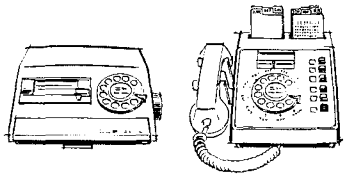

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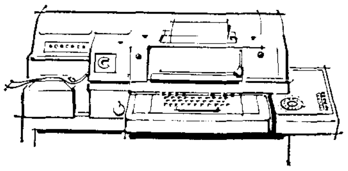

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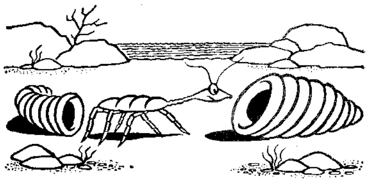
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

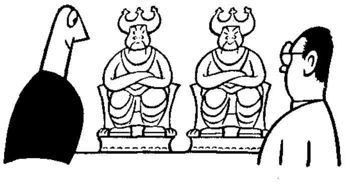
Notes and Comment

WE were alarmed by a recent dispatch in the *Times* (New York) that quoted Sir David Eccles, the then British Minister of Education—Mr. Macmillan has since handed him his hat—to the effect that the meaning and pronunciation of words (English) must be "codified" if the language is to escape the fate of Latin, which, "after the fall of the Roman Empire, split into distinct languages such as Italian, French, and Spanish." What alarmed us was the suggestion of such an attempt. Languages are like the hermit crab, which must move to a larger shell when it outgrows the one it inhabits; a crab restricted to one shell would suffer constriction, then atrophy, and finally death. Not fission but "codification" killed classical Latin, as even a Cabinet Minister should know. By the time the grammarians and rhetoricians had finished, it was like a crab sealed in last year's shell. It was the popular, spoken Latin, a spawn, that survived and that in a few centuries produced such languages as Italian, French, and Spanish. The existence of these languages is not completely to be deplored, although for a Briton to learn them does take a bit of doing. The world would be poorer without them. Among the things the world would be poorer by (besides writers like Cervantes and Stendhal) is English, which without its French constituent would be something else. This mongrel has survived vigorously for about seven hundred years because of its freedom to change continually. Each of its regional variants, "Oxford English, Australian English, New York English"—to cite the *Times'* citation of Sir David—adds its own best inventions to the common vocabulary, and the different pronunciations lend interest even to banal communications among different English-speaking groups. As our friend Philadelphia Jack O'Brien used to say, "The verbiage that flows from an Englishman, whether he be an Oxfordian or otherwise, is a beautiful thing," and there is fun in decoding spoken Australian even when the content is unimportant. The talented M. Raymond Queneau reported a few years ago, in the preface to an anthology of new French writing, that French, which has enjoyed the advantages of an academic strait jacket since the reign of Louis XIV, is in imminent danger of splitting into formal and working languages as different as Mandarin and demotic Chinese. The formal dialect has been so immobilized that hardly anybody except General de Gaulle employs it orally. Queneau uses the analogy of the growth of other languages from vulgar Latin at the beginning of the Middle Ages as an argument *against* the official codification that Sir David plumps for, and Queneau speaks for a country that has tried it.



Cranes and Dragons

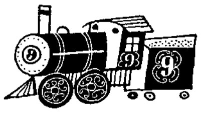
THE rich have many consolations, Plato said. One of the things that gave the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., comfort during the last years of his life, when he was confined to his home, was his collection of Chinese porcelains—over four hundred, the most important private assemblage of its kind in the world—many of which were mounted on revolving stands, so that he could sit and turn them. We are indebted for this information, and more, to Mr. Fong Chow, an Assistant Curator of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan Museum, to which Mr. Rockefeller left seventy-four of the porcelains when he died, two years ago. Some sixty of them, selected and installed by Mr. Chow, are now being shown in the Recent Accessions Room. "Mostly sixteenth- and seventeenth-century," he said, when we paid him a visit and he showed us around. "The brilliant polychrome decoration of the late Ming to the early Ch'ing dynasties is much in evidence, especially in the enamels with multicolored backgrounds, known as the *famille noire*, the *famille jaune*, and the *famille verte*. Sometimes these 'families' are united, as in this pair of unique figurines fired in the reign of K'ang-hsi, an early Ch'ing emperor." Mr. Chow paused before two enthroned figures—one with a scary and the other with a demure expression—entitled, respectively, "God of Wealth in His Military Aspect" and "God of Wealth in His Civil Aspect," and said that Mr. Rockefeller had bought "Civil" from the J. P. Morgan collection and "Military" from Joseph E. Widener. "No others exactly like them are known," he said. "Note the perforations on the lower portion of their faces, where beards of human hair were originally inserted." He went on to say that Mr. Rockefeller had accumulated his porcelains over a period of fifty years and that the rest of them had been left to his family. "They were Mr. Rockefeller's great love," Mr. Chow said. "They were all on display in his New York apartment. Turning them on their stands, he watched their details unfold like a miniature tapestry. He had two catalogues of them printed, with color plates of almost every item. Benjamin Altman left us a great collection of Chinese ceramics, you know, and we've long been additionally strong in this field thanks to bequests and gifts from Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Michael Friedsam, Mrs. E. S. Harkness, Jacob Ruppert, and others, but the Rockefeller legacy has made us a lot



stronger. Governor Rockefeller and his stepmother visited the show before it opened, and Mrs. Rockefeller wrote our director, Mr. James J. Rorimer, a very nice letter, saying it had been a most moving sight to her."

Accompanied by Mr. Chow, we went on to other figurines and to an assortment of vases, temple jars, bowls, bottles, wedding cups, and plates, embellished with a great variety of human figures, landscapes, animals, flowers, fruits, insects, birds, and dragons. "Many are symbolic," Mr. Chow said. "The Chinese dragon, the emblem of the emperor, is *not* the gruesome monster of St. George; it's a beneficent creature who brings rain to the crops. The Chinese unicorn, or *ch'i-lin*, symbolizes grandeur and wise administration; the lion stands for valor and energy; the tiger and panther are symbols of power. Among birds, the crane is an emblem of immortality; the pheasant is a sign of good fortune; and the kingfisher, whose feathers you saw on the crowns of the Gods of Wealth, symbolizes beauty. The butterfly stands for summer and for joy. Among flowers, the lotus represents summer; the chrysanthemum, autumn; the flowering plum, winter; and the peony—regarded by the Chinese as the king of flowers—spring, love, feminine beauty, wealth, and rank. Note the number of beautiful women and children on the vases. The Chinese love beautiful women and children."

We followed Mr. Chow to his office, which was full of more pottery, mostly monochrome.



"Rockefeller overflow?" we asked. "Altman? Havemeyer? Ruppert?"

"Made it myself," he said, looking pleased. "I've been doing this sort of work for the last fifteen years. I use the facilities of the Henry Street Settlement."

We asked Mr. Chow what he did before he took up administration in the Metropolitan's Far Eastern Department, and he said that he was born in 1923 in Tientsin and later moved to Hong Kong, where his father manages a large department store. *His* father, the Honorable Sir Shouson Chow, was one of the first students selected by the Imperial government to study in the United States. He was knighted by George V in 1926. "He went to Andover in the eighteen-seventies, and then to Columbia," Mr. Chow said. "On his return to China, he became a government official; he was in charge of railroads in North China. In 1912, he went to Hong Kong, where he entered the banking business, and became known as the grand old man of Hong Kong. He died when he was ninety-eight."

Sir Shouson's grandson came here in 1947 to study painting and ceramics at the Boston Museum Art School. "After four years, I went to Alfred University, in upper New York State," he said, "where I took my M.F.A.—Master of Fine Arts. I then became a designer at the Glidden Pottery in Alfred, and in 1957 I joined this museum."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The city of Lucknow, in India, boasts a Gorgeous Healing Pharmacy.

Long-Winded Lady

WE'VE just heard from our friend the long-winded lady, who reports, "Today I saw the man who does the right thing in the right place at the right time and *knows* it. I think he must also be that man who is in step when all the rest of us are out of step. His sense of timing is very good. He knows when to be silent and when to speak. Perhaps he knows everything. Perhaps he has all the questions to all the answers that I have. I should have followed him. He was in the Grosvenor bar, sitting at the bar, all alone at the far end of the bar, with his back to the empty dining room that lay beyond him, when I rushed in there to get out of the rain this afternoon. I didn't exactly rush into the bar—I was washed in by a cloudburst that arrived very unfairly because it had given no warning. There had been a faint drizzle earlier, that was all. The Grosvenor Hotel stands at the corner of Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and I know it well because I lived around that neighborhood for years. It is a very nice bar, with small tables along the wall, and beyond it the dining room is big and has a polite hotel air. It looked very polite in there this afternoon, with all the clean tablecloths and no people. This is Sunday, and it was too late for lunch and too early for dinner. I sat down in front of one of those big windows that would look out on Tenth Street if they were not shrouded with draperies and curtains, and I was very cold, and I wondered about pneumonia. The bartender came over and put an extremely small paper napkin on the table in front of me and said, 'Some rain,' and I asked him for a Martini. It was not too early for a Martini. The man at the bar was drinking what seemed to be a Scotch-and-water. He was very middle-aged, and he had a very large face. He had his right elbow on the bar, and beside his elbow he had his black umbrella crooked to the edge of the bar. He was gazing down the length of the bar and through the glass entrance doors at the rain, and his expression was contemplative. He moved his eyes to watch the bartender mix my Martini, and the bartender caught him and said cheerfully, 'Some rain, all right,' but he got no answer. When the bartender had delivered my drink, he went back and stood with his hand on the bar staring out at the rain and at three ladies in cotton dresses who stood huddled in the doorway. From time to time, one of the ladies would turn to look in at us all.

"It was a peaceful scene until a tall, thin man in a very wet cotton suit plunged in from the street, paused to ask the bartender for a Scotch-and-soda, and then went straight back to look around the deserted dining room. He was soaked and his shoes squelched when he walked, but he was very cheerful and wore a beaming smile. He said to the bartender, 'I waited twenty minutes for a taxi at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, but I made it.' The bartender shook his head and said, 'This is some day for rain.' The beaming man was enjoying the drink with which he was rewarding himself. He looked out into the street once or twice, and then he said to the bartender, 'Is there another bar here, or any place where somebody could be waiting?' The bartender said, 'Just the lobby,' and he jerked his head and then pointed his arm to show the lobby entrance, which is around the corner of the far end of the bar. The beaming man squelched off and disappeared into the lobby, and in about one minute he was back, looking ruined. He said, '*This* isn't the Fifth Avenue Hotel.' The bartender said, 'This is the *Grosvenor* Hotel. I'm sorry, sir.' And the ruined man said, 'I thought it was Tenth and Fifth.' The bartender said, 'Ninth and Fifth, you want,' and he looked sympathetic and glanced at the silent man, who remained silent. The ruined man vanished into the street. The rain continued to pour down and the ladies outside waited patiently for it to stop. I wondered why they did not give up and come on in. No one came in and nothing happened until the silent man suddenly stood up, lifting his umbrella as he did. The bartender said, 'Thank you, sir.' The silent man spoke at last, and he said, 'It's a good thing it was raining when I left home; otherwise I would not have brought my umbrella.'

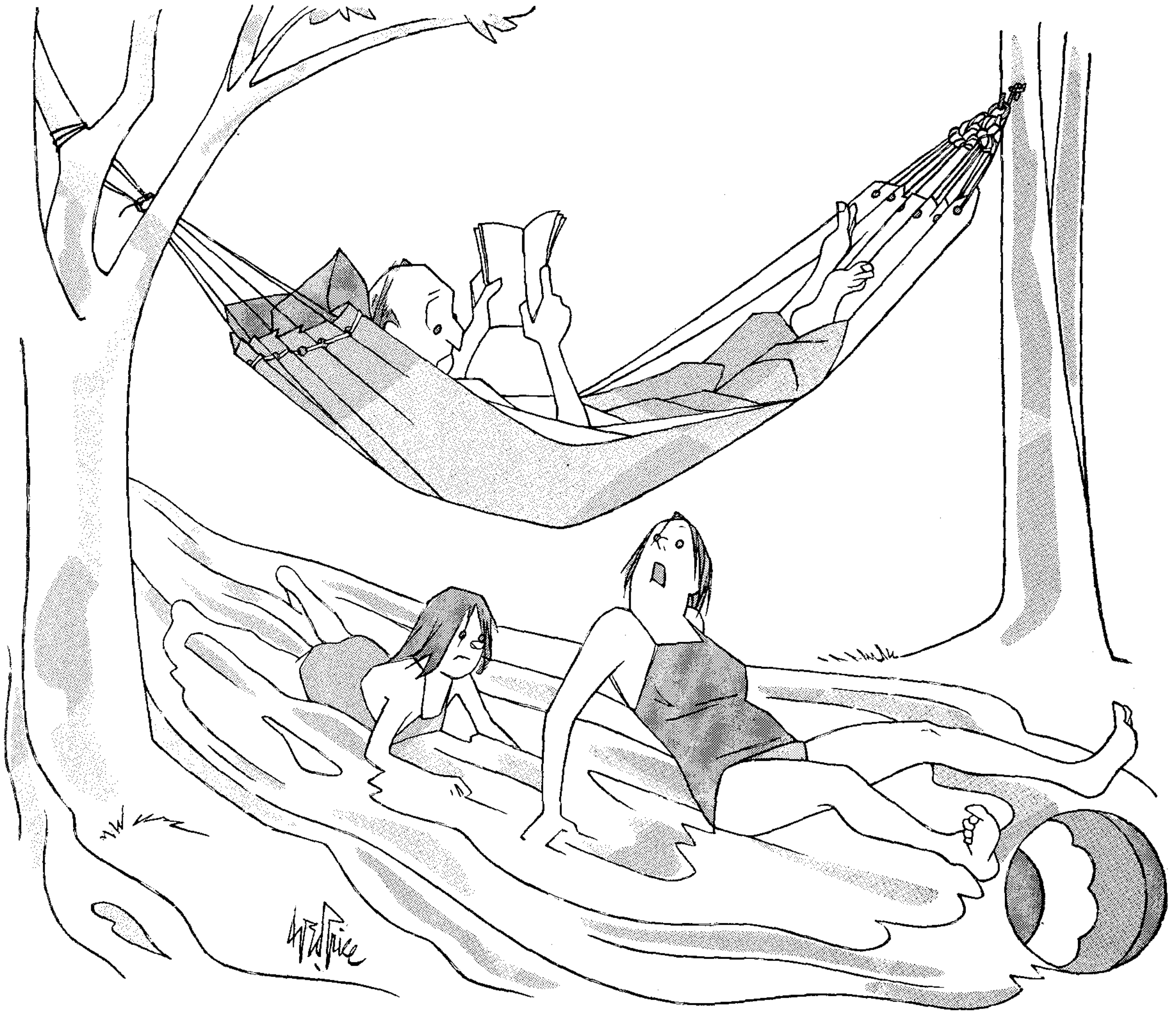
And he walked away and out, past the drooping ladies, and as he left our shelter he opened the umbrella and held it up over himself and went toward Eleventh Street, rejoicing."

SIGN chalked on a construction fence at Waverly Place and Charles Street: "N.L. is dependent on L.M."

Telstar

"THINK of transoceanic television," Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., who was then vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, urged a group of N.B.C. writers just about ten years ago. "You know. Something happens in Athens. *Boing!* The guy pushes the button 'Athens' and the lights begin to blink all over the place as Athens starts pouring in." Well, the great day of transatlantic television is here, thanks to the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s orbiting Telstar communications satellite, and if Athens itself hasn't yet started pouring in, live, through viewers' sets in this country, a stream of shots from other capitals of the Old World—London, Paris, Geneva, Brussels, Vienna, Rome—did appear on their screens the other day, while in a similar manner European viewers received on *their* screens a series of shots from New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Washington, and a number of other points in this country, during the first formal exchange of live television programs between the United States and Europe. On this side, the exchange was made possible by the joint television-production efforts of the news departments of three networks here—the Columbia Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company, and the American Broadcasting Company—with the coöperation of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and, on the other side, the efforts of the television branch of the European Broadcasting Union (Eurovision) whose membership embraces the broadcasting systems of eighteen European countries. The American program was produced by a tri-network committee composed of Ted Fetter (A.B.C.), Fred Friendly (C.B.S.), and Gerald Green (N.B.C.), who worked on it for a month before air time; the whole production staff, we were proudly informed by a temporarily omni-network-minded press agent at N.B.C. a day or so before the broadcast, amounted to some two hundred people, including correspondents, cameramen, producers, directors, engineers, and technicians, from the three networks.

Attracted by the grandness of the occasion, we insinuated ourself, around midday of the day of the broadcast, into Studio 4 J in the R.C.A. Building, the coördinating control room for the American part of the Telstar program, to watch part of the dress rehearsal for the final show. The control room—a comparatively small one, although specially equipped to handle complex broadcast pickups—was dimly lit and crammed with technicians and production people, and what with voices that seemed to have no point of origin within the room issuing from various loudspeakers, and the urgent voices of people present, the place seemed to us to be in a tumult. The focus of attention was a semicircular array of monitoring screens, large and small, before which a row of technicians and assistant directors, some wearing headsets with microphones, sat at a long and elaborate control panel, while another row of network men, including Fetter, Friendly, and Green, were squeezed in behind the control-panel men in a space about a quarter the size of that behind the average lunch counter. The small monitoring screens were showing scenes being fed in from various parts of the country—one showed the Statue of Liberty; another showed the big dome of the A.T.&T. Telstar transmitting and receiving equipment at Andover, Maine; another was focussed on the carved face of George Washington at Mount Rushmore; yet another showed an incessantly zooming-in and zooming-out shot of the Capitol's dome in Washington—and as the scheduled time for each one arrived, it appeared on a large monitoring screen labelled "Program." We



"The collapsible swimming pool collapsed!"

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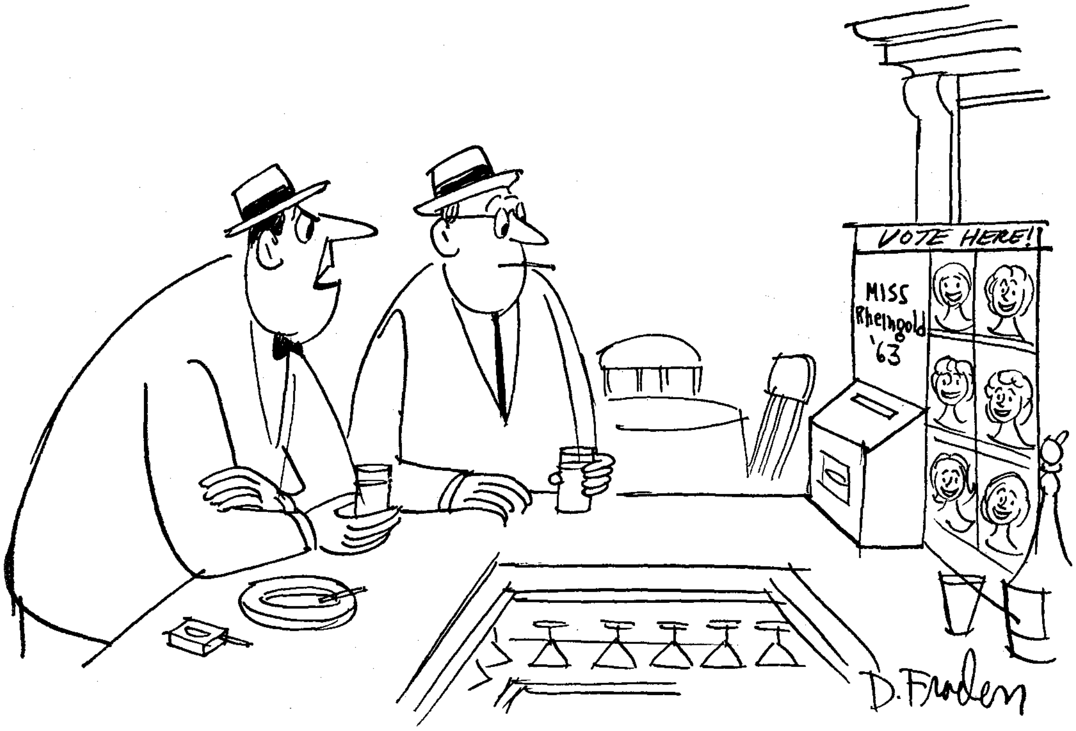


“None of ’em is my type. I’m sitting on my hands this year.”

found the whole effect bewildering.

“Stand by, El Paso! Stand by!” Sid Smith, the director of the program, who sat at the center of the control panel, was saying as we found a niche in a wall to one side of the room.

In a few moments, after a shot from El Paso, we heard a cry, “Washington, you’re on!” and Chet Huntley’s image appeared on the big “Program” screen.

“Switch to Chicago!” said someone at the control panel. A shot of the Cubs-Phillies game at Wrigley Field leaped on. “You should be giving the baseball sound,” the same man said sharply.

The sound of the ballpark came on. “Ladees and gennelmen,” a voice called out from the ballpark, “we’ve just been informed that this baseball game is being shown on television to Europe by Telstar. Let’s give all the baseball fans in Europe a big hello from Chicago.” This being only the rehearsal, the voice wasn’t carried over the ballpark loudspeaker, and consequently there was no big—or any—hello from the crowd.

“Hurray!” someone at the control panel said, perfunctorily, to indicate the lapse.

Next came a tape of a Presidential press conference, in lieu of the one that was to follow, at air time.

“Go, Canaveral!” Smith cried, and John Glenn came on, talking about space exploration.

“Stand by, St. Lawrence! Switch!” Smith said after a few minutes. The St. Lawrence River appeared on the screen.

“Stand by, Stratford!” Smith said. A scene from “Macbeth,” played at the Festival Theatre, in Stratford, Ontario, came on.

“Come in, Seattle!” said Smith. Various shots of the World’s Fair at Seattle appeared, including one of a boy eating a large Danish waffle.

Half the people in the control room began chanting a countdown together—from ten to one. What they were counting down was a cue to a series of live shots at Mount Rushmore.

“Stand by for ‘Mighty Fortress’!” someone called as three hundred and twelve members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir came on the screen, accompanied by an audio-tape of the choir singing “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.”

Friendly got into a discussion with one of the production people, a young man named David Buksbaum, about communications with Mount Rushmore. “We’ve got to cue them on ‘Mighty Fortress’ well ahead of time,” he said.

Howard K. Smith came onscreen, and talked about the United Nations and the late Dag Hammarskjöld.

“Five! Four! Three! Two! One!” a chorus in the control room cried.

“*And* cue,” the director said. “Dissolve to the Golden Gate! Dissolve to Canada! Dissolve Seattle! Dissolve Canaveral! Dissolve Statue of Liberty! Dissolve Mount Rushmore! Dissolve Niagara Falls! Dissolve U.N.!”

Chet Huntley and Walter Cronkite, onscreen, began an ad-lib discussion of the still pictures of the preceding program as they would be received in Europe and radiophotographed back here for inspection. Friendly reached over the shoulder of a technician at the control panel, picked up a microphone, and, standing in for the chief announcer at the European Broadcasting Union control center, in Brussels, said into it, “This is Mr. Dimbleby, in Brussels. We hope you have been receiving our still pictures of your program satisfactorily.”

“We did indeed, Mr. Dimbleby,” Cronkite said.

“Thank you very much. Good night, Chet. Good night, Walter,” Friendly said. He turned again to Buksbaum. “We’ve *got* to cue the choir on ‘Mighty Fortress’ *well* ahead of time.”

The program moved to what the director referred to as the pre-show section, in which the American program would make contact with Brussels. At the moment, the communication was only aural.

“We’re ready,” a metallic voice, with a British accent, said over a small loudspeaker in the control room.

Walter Cronkite’s image appeared on the screen. “Hello, Brussels,” Cronkite said.

A telephone rang at the control panel. Buksbaum answered it. “It’s Bill Monroe, in Washington,” he told Friendly. “He says that Pierre Salinger wants to know when we intend coming in on the press conference.”

“It depends on the orbit. We don’t have a time yet,” Friendly said.

The metallic voice said, over the loudspeaker, “I am speaking on the microphone that Richard Dimbleby [the B.B.C. announcer] will be using. Dimbleby says, ‘Yes, I have the picture. Go, America, go.’ As soon as he says, ‘Go, America, go—’ ”

“Then we wipe to full screen,” Cronkite said.

“It’s starting to rain at Rushmore,” the director announced.

“Chet, if the choir moves indoors, you’ll have to ad-lib your way through,” Friendly said.

A shot of a couple of buffalo grazing in the distance flashed onto the screen.

We asked Buksbaum where the shot originated.

“Custer State Park, in South Dakota. I went out West to work on that buffalo spot, among other things, but I had to come back here again,” Buksbaum replied. “They have three hundred of them out on the range. They're being rounded up right now. At air time, we'll get them to run onscreen on cue."

Buksbaum turned to a production man nearby. "Three hundred buffalo," Buksbaum said. "I guaranteed that I'd deliver them, and I guarantee that you'll see them. Every nickel's worth."

MEANWHILE, back at A.T.&T. headquarters, at 195 Broadway, we had a little talk with Mr. J. W. Cook, an executive vice-president who was minding the twenty-six-story building (1914), with its spacious, cool, marble-columned halls, bronze-inlaid marble floors, marble drinking fountains, marble friezes of winged cherubs over elevators operated by handsome and unmistakably human girls—the whole beautiful works carrying a modest slogan in its ground-floor windows: "Long Distance Telephone Conquers Time and Space."

"Pretty good building we've got here. Hard to replace," said Mr. Cook, who wore a fine sunburn and a neat blue suit. "We might gussy it up a bit—the lighting is a little old-fashioned—by cleaning the porcelain shades, but I wouldn't change anything in our surroundings. They're highly economical. They're chock-full of character. We overlook the graveyards of St. Paul's and Trinity. This place has substance. Space is sort of exotic. Telstar is a first. A great thrill. But our basic business is still the telephone call."

"Then what's Telstar?" we asked.

"Another string to our bow," Mr. Cook said. "We're a service business. The Princess telephone furnishes a service. Automatic dialling furnishes a service. Telstar gives us another way to make your telephone call. There's lots more going on around here besides that bird up there. The guidance system of the anti-missile missile—that's ours, too. Engineering, Marketing, Testing—all our departments are constantly working on new services. Our marketing people might be thinking of using Telstar for high-speed data machines. Machines talk to machines these days. Say you're a large corporation. You have branches in Italy, France, Belgium, West Germany, Spain, and you like to keep your finger on the pulse. Costs. Investments. Telstar may be useful in keeping your machines in touch with their machines. Like that!" Mr. Cook snapped his fingers. "Telstar supplements our use of cables for transoceanic telephone calls. Once you get a world system operating, with a lot of the birds up there going around, Brazil could use Telstar to call North Africa. Right now, however, the point is we made our calculations, declared ourselves, and brought it off. The whole ball of wax cost between forty-five and fifty million dollars."

"Any shareholders complain about spending all that money?" we asked.

"Not a one," Mr. Cook said. "I've owned a few shares myself for many years, and I go along with the way most of the shareholders feel—proud. I don't regard Telstar as just another supplementary piece of equipment—a new button to shut off the telephone with, or those chimes that ring in your house instead of an ordinary telephone bell, or the Rapidial. You can't beat the plain telephone, but you don't make character going downhill; you make character going uphill. Down here"—Mr. Cook pushed the bar on a Rapidial on his desk, and the machine (which dials numbers *for* you) whirred around, making do-it-itself noises—"I get a chance to fool with a lot of the different gadgets we come out with. Up there"—he waved both hands at Telstar—"you lose a large share of your collective control. Once you put it up there, you can never get it back."

"Which would you choose," we asked, "if you had to choose?"

"I beg the question," Mr. Cook said.

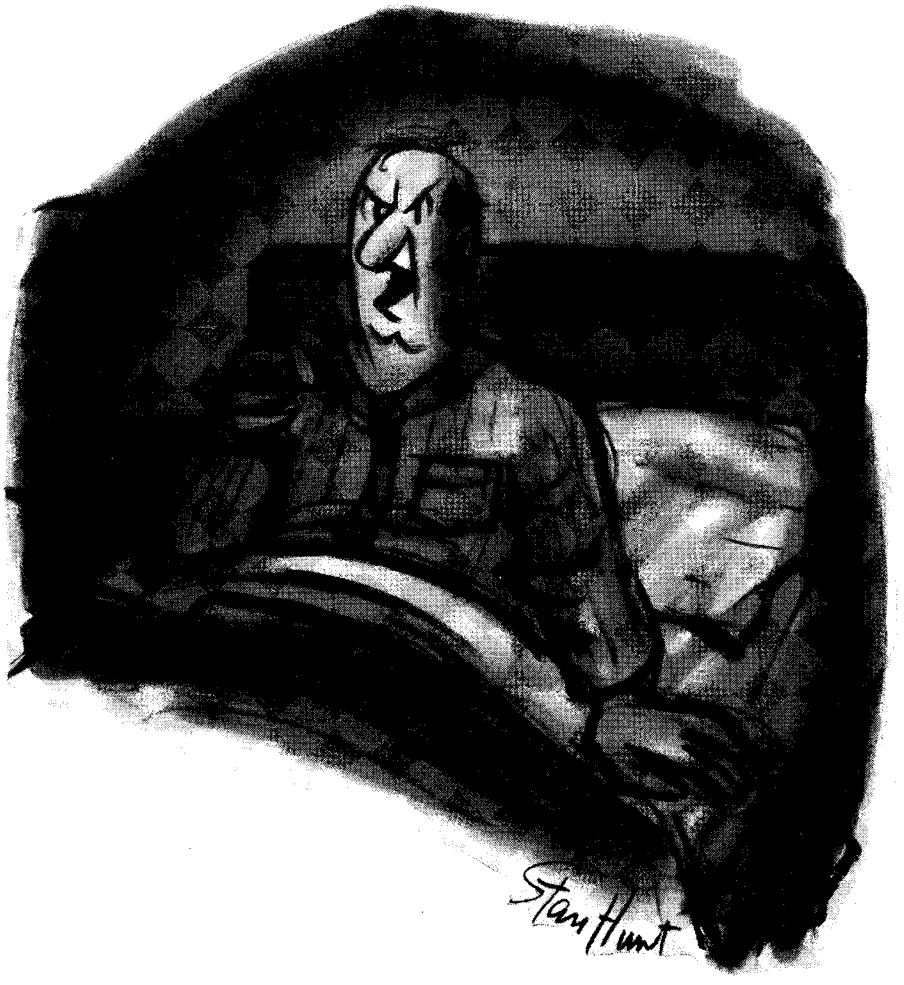
"Now," said a young assistant assigned to us by Mr. Cook, "we'll just look in on the chairman of the board."

"He's at a meeting," the secretary of the c. of the b. told us. "The past week, it's been one hectic meeting after another. Go take a rest in his office. It's very restful. It's very mellow."

We rested there for a few minutes, in one of several immense leather armchairs, looking at Oriental rugs and a white ceiling embossed with cherubs and figures of the zodiac. Set on a bookshelf was an old-fashioned mahogany radio, a Stromberg-Carlson of early-thirties vintage. "I polish that old radio myself," the c. of the b.'s secretary told us. "Everybody around here loves it."

Literal

A LADY traveller lately come from Russia reports that in a Leningrad hotel she ordered a soft-boiled egg, and got one that had barely skimmed hot water. On the next go-around, she used one of her basic words, "*minuta*," and held up eight fingers to the waiter, figuring that, given that much leeway, he'd come back with something approximating a cooked egg. He returned with eight eggs, all more or less raw.



"I want a tax cut now!"

THE UNNATURAL ENEMY

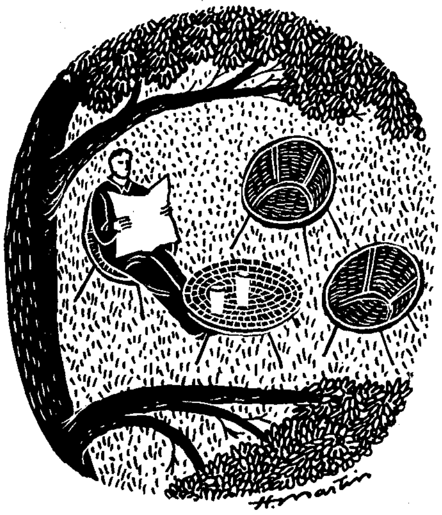
I DON'T see how there could be any such thing as a purist in crow hunting. It is not a division of gun sports with traditional customs, like those, indistinctly inherited from England, that prevent a good many North Americans from shooting sitting ducks or running pheasants, and a great many others from admitting it when they do. I assume that in England, where these traditions seem to have been formed in order to distinguish the gentleman, who hunted for sport, from the lout, who poached out of unfashionable, lower-class hunger, crows, like other predators, were left to gamekeepers to control. In our country, even among hunters on the East Coast, where class lines have been most strongly established, gentlemanly hunting codes aren't very rigid now. The matter of conduct in the field—whether to hold oneself as sportsman, pothunter, or scourge—is one of those fuzzy things left to shift around in individual consciences and tastes. As we compete, equally and fervently, sometimes bitterly, for what game there is, every man is alternately gentleman and poacher, and every man is his own gamekeeper.

My particular taste or conscience in the gamekeeper role is not very permissive. Nothing could move me to shoot a hawk or owl, even one of the kinds that are unprotected here where I live in Iowa—the Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks, and the great horned owl; I admire them too much. Unlike most people I have hunted with, I do not shoot feral cats when I come upon them in quail or pheasant fields, nor permit my dogs to kill them. It is surprising, by the way, what numbers of these cats there are, all over the country—not wildcats but cats gone wild, a little tougher and better muscled than house cats but the same breed, gone back to hunting for themselves. They are charged by the Audubon Society with killing several hundred song and game birds a year per animal. Perhaps I would shoot a fox, a very high-scoring competitor for pheasants, but I do not seem to feel strongly enough about it ever to have set out after one. I am, in fact, almost exclusively guided by the precept, more particularly a conservationist's than a sportsman's, of killing creatures only in such kinds and quantities as I intend to eat.

Crows are the one exception to this, and I will have to be indulged in some free-style speculation to explain why. I admire crows, but it is a different kind of admiration from that in which I hold hawks and owls. In the latter, the raptors, it is their speed and seeming recklessness, their enormous and aloof skill as hunters, that excite me. The crow, a slow flier, uses different tools—intelligence, coöperativeness with other crows. On the one hand, there is instinct and madness (according to a falconer I know, hawks are not wise, and the one owl he tried to train was painfully stupid) that will subdue creatures several times the raptor's size; on the other hand, there is a kind of humanoid common sense that leads crows to choose such easy, if not totally defenseless, prey as eggs, carrion, and infant birds. I conclude from this that my urge to shoot crows is fundamentally a piece of anthropomorphic sentimentality, and a pretty silly one. I seem to think of owls and hawks, and even cats and foxes, as real hunters, and of crows, along with jays and magpies, as being like men who hunt from cars, jack-lighting deer at night or shooting out the window into grounded coveys of quail by day.

If this analogizing is the underlying reason for my crow hunting, the surface reasons may be a little sounder. Crows are wily enough birds to be extremely interesting to hunt. Like any bird in flight, they are hard to hit. And, because they do so much damage to other birds, particularly in areas where ducks nest, it is always open season on them, so that one may hunt them at times when no other live target is permitted.

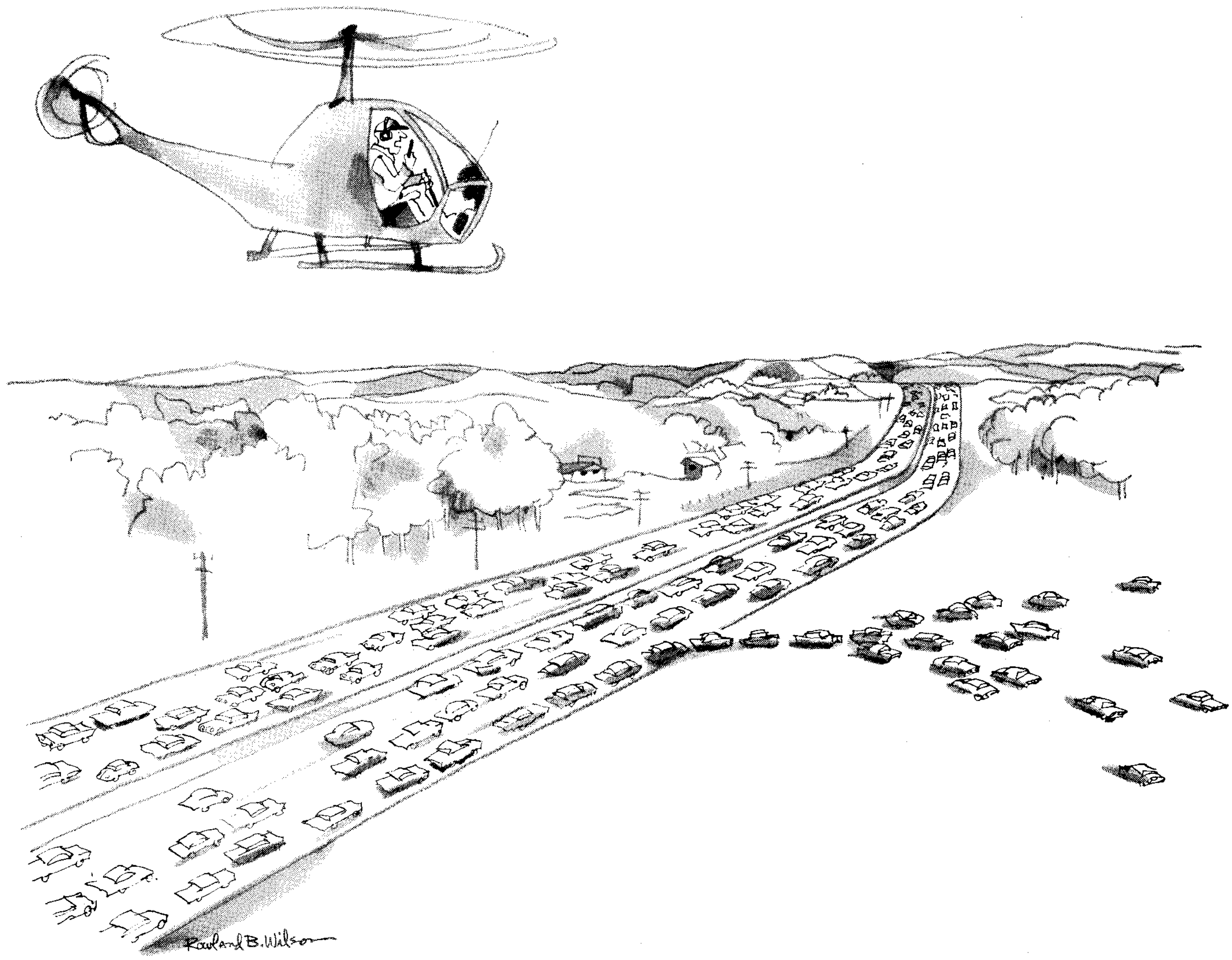
The technique of crow hunting is complex and demanding. I would say that a friend of mine, whom I shall call Herb Mills, and I made one crow hunter between us. Herb is the man with whom I learned what little I know of the pursuit. He is, moreover, the only hunting companion with whom I have ever been completely at ease in the field; this account of our one great, successful crow hunt should demonstrate why.



Herb is a surgeon, and a lover of birds. He is a slight, deceptively relaxed-looking individual, with a mumpish face, thin brown hair, and blue eyes—beloved by children, trusted by the wives of male associates, and a positive inspiration to dogs. There are people who manage to be consistently gentle and courteous without its ever occurring to others to construe these qualities as indicating lack of force. Herb is one of them, and you would not have to know him long to realize that the force is there, all right, but most of it is directed inward to produce the tension necessary to a man who is compelled to heal. It was, then, fine but beside the point that when we hunted together Herb shot well and knew the game; much closer to the point was the fact that he had the kind of enthusiasm that made the hours outdoors worthwhile to him whether we bagged anything or not. What really counted for me was the simple pleasure of taking him away from the intensities of his calling, of seeing him released from the harassment and anxiety of dedication.

Ducks were what Herb liked best—not merely to hunt in the fall but to watch in the spring, and to read long, technical books about in winter. This was why he shared my particular malice toward crows. According to a conservation organization called Ducks Unlimited, the average adult crow destroys a hundred and twenty ducklings and duck eggs a year in the breeding areas, and our part of Iowa is a breeding area, if a marginal one. All during one fall, when I could get Herb away from the operating room and into a duckblind perhaps one morning a week, he carried a crow call. We didn't shoot crows from the blind, but often, as we walked back, we'd stop under a tree on a bank of the Iowa River and Herb would call a few times. And sometimes a crow would come.

This first bird to arrive is a kind of scout, or so we had each been told; it is quite necessary that he be shot. Otherwise, so crow hunter's belief goes, he will return and somehow advise the rest of the flock that the call he investigated was a fake. He comes gliding over, high and silent, from some unpredictable quadrant, and the need for the hunter to be concealed until he is in view usually means that there is no clear lane of fire between the hiding place and the line of his glide. Often, that fall, one or the other of us could have been seen scrambling out from under the selected tree and onto the riverbank to take an awkward, futile shot at a disappearing crow. It would have been more effi-



"Monitor to Traffic Control. Route Ninety-three has sprung a leak!"

• •

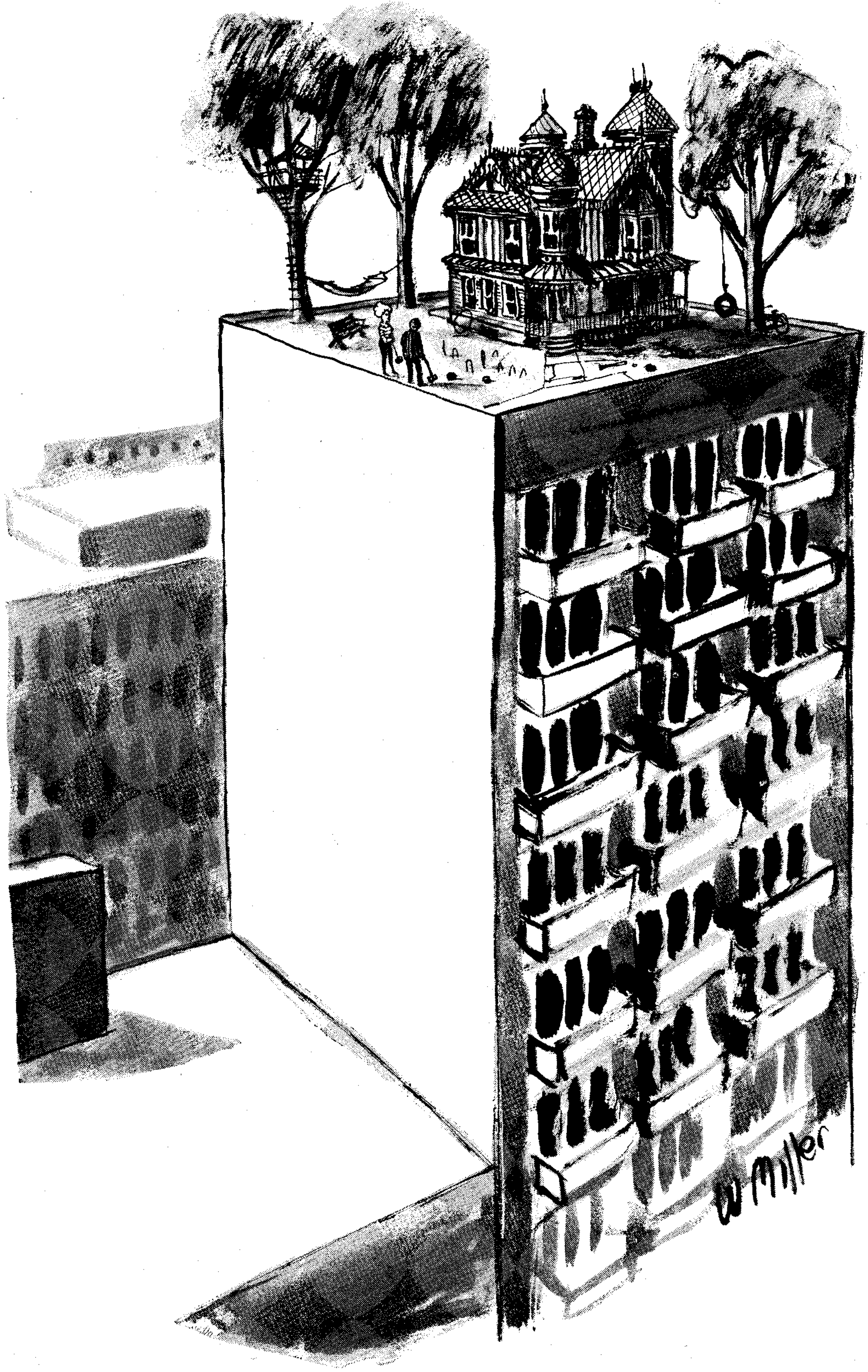
cient, I concede, if we'd been willing to combine our fire, but neither Herb nor I hunts that way; it is common enough these days, and the argument runs that with game so scarce one should take as little chance as possible of losing it. But to us, a man's turn to shoot was a matter of high personal privilege. I feel the same gratitude to those who shoot at birds simultaneously with me as I have for unsolicited help at cards or crossword puzzles, if in much greater degree. Herb felt the same way, but perhaps not quite so crossly.

This being so, we missed a lot of scouting crows that fall. We dropped some, too, but only once was this followed, as it was alleged it would be, by the coming of more crows in response to renewed calling. The one time it happened, we had already stopped calling and given them up and were on our way out of hiding when they came over. Herb, whose vein of humor is a mixture of corniness and fantasy, cried, as the crows flew away untouched after our volley of late shots, that the air behind their tails was absolutely lacerated. I had other friends, severer wits, who thought Herb something of a fool for indulging in remarks like that, but I always found his stuff O.K. Even when it was really clumsy (I'll try not to quote examples), it had an endearing quality for me—like the clumsiness of a hard-pulling horse, not quite used to being out of harness, trying to play a little in a pasture.

IT was the following summer that I located, six miles from where I live, an enormous flock of crows. The flock was in an area of about two hundred acres of permanently flooded timber alongside the Iowa River. The water there is backed up among the trees during high water in the spring, and the land is low enough so that a lot of water stays when the river goes down. The timber is dead, water-killed, except for growths of small willows here and there, and the place has been a swamp long enough for swamp plants to have taken hold among the tree roots. Wood ducks, teal, and a few mallards and pintails nest there. Herons and egrets feed in the shallower parts, and it supports dozens of grackles, hundreds of swallows, and thousands of mosquitoes. Fields, which flood too early in the year to be of much use for agriculture, run down to the edge of the water; a government dam has taken them out of cultivation. A century ago, they were productive, and the settlers fenced them, as they often did around here, with living fences of Osage orange trees. These are small, tough trees, and make good fence rows; other, larger trees are established among them by now. The fence rows run through the fields, perpendicular to the swamp, and stop at its edge.

What I noticed, walking along to see the water birds one brilliant morning, was that crows came rather steadily out of the swamp and across the fields, following lines of flight parallel to the orange-tree fences. It may have taken a dozen separate crows flying out this way at intervals to get my attention away from the more fascinating birds, but when I had stopped and counted five crows following the same pattern in perhaps twenty minutes, I concluded that a major flock was roosting in the swamp. They must have been moving out from the roost for the day's feeding in cultivated fields. I felt a little lame in making such an easy observation, for I'd come to know that swamp pretty well, yet so common is it in the Midwest for there to be a crow somewhere in the landscape that I had taken no particular notice of these before.

My children treat decoy birds with somewhat the same highhanded affection they have for stuffed-animal toys, leaving them around almost anywhere, and one had left a horned-owl decoy in my car that day. I walked back and got it, and carried it along to the edge of the swamp. It was made with a hole in the bottom so that one could place it on a pole or limb. I saw a sapling standing out about fifty feet from one of the fence rows, went to it, bent it down, and set my decoy on its top, where it fitted rather loosely; I let the sapling spring back up again, and there was an owl, sitting in a tree. Such decoys are used in crow hunting because the great horned owl is almost the only serious natural enemy crows have. (I cannot count man's enmity for any animal as natural.)



"When you first mentioned croquet, Mr. Dilworth, I didn't think you really meant croquet."

I went back to the fence and sat under an orange tree, watching the decoy to see whether a passing crow might attack it. I suppose I waited nearly an hour in hiding, but I didn't mind; the morning had turned hot, and I enjoyed the rest. A red-shouldered hawk was the only bird that came over my decoy, drifting slowly overhead, wheeling suddenly when it saw the supposed owl and dropping to smash at it so quickly that the thing was off the tree and lying on the ground before I quite realized what was happening. I had seen many crows out over the fields as I waited, however, and by the time I was ready to go home for lunch I knew what part of the swamp the crows came from. As soon as I got home, I called Herb's house.

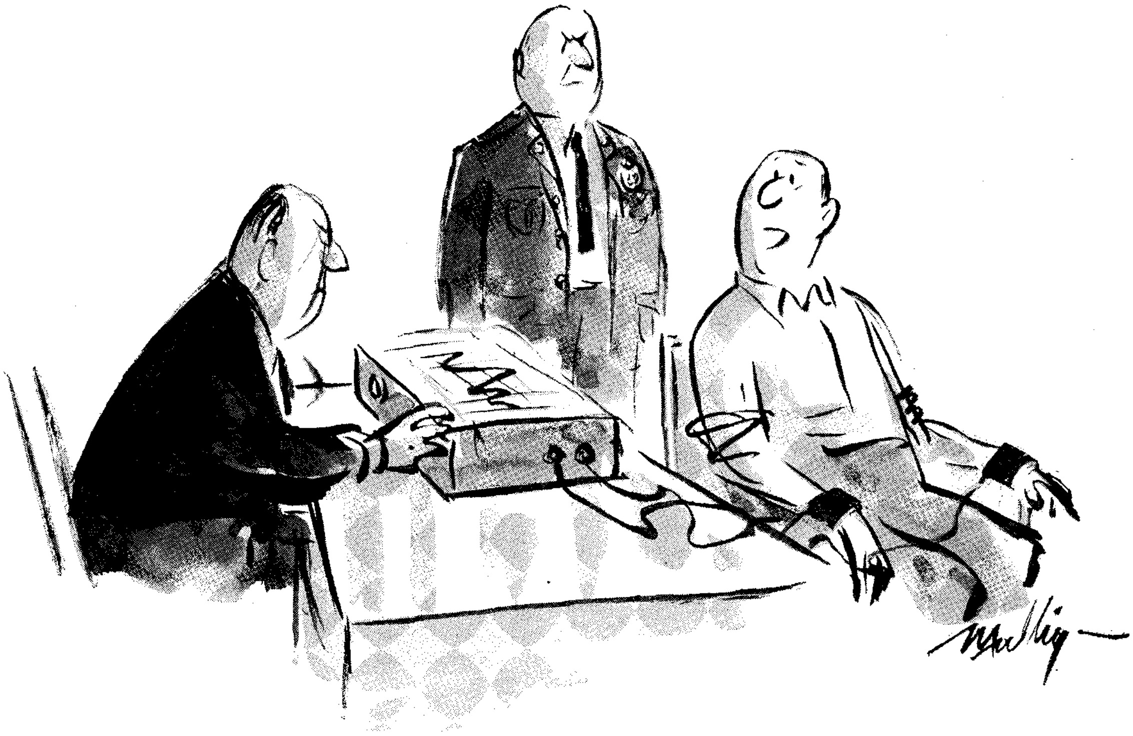
Herb's wife, Mardu, said that he had just finished lunch, though he hadn't eaten much. He was exhausted; one of those marathon operations . . . just pushed his food away . . . damn good lunch—soufflé. He was lying down now, she said, and she'd rather not call him to the phone, if I didn't mind. She said she'd already put her foot down on his returning to the hospital to lead his dippy little flock of medical students around the post-operative ward. I was by then looking for nothing more than a pause in which to say that I'd call back later, when Herb, having apparently heard my name, picked up the bedroom extension phone and said hello.

I said that I'd located a concentration of crows and hoped we could go after them sometime.

"I think we should, sometime," Herb said. "I think we ought to do that in about ten or fifteen minutes."

Mardu Mills didn't exactly scream, but I think it was only because she had a child napping. It took a while for them to work through her protests and his counters, but eventually he finished denying the heat of the day, his own tiredness, and the possibility that he was crazy, and Mardu hung up, leaving us free to talk.

Then we indulged in a piece of foolishness that was mine, not his. I always seem to want to say everything that is in my mind about an episode of hunting or fishing, proposed or just past, over the telephone, even though I may be talking with someone I will be seeing almost immediately. I said we'd better take along insect repellent. I said I had just bought a new crow call. Herb said he had a new reed for his. Herb said he was going to shoot No. 5 shells. I said that this year's hatch of crows should be big enough to fly with the flock by now. Herb said the teal might be nesting for a second time, hatching a second brood. I said the wind might come up and cool things off. Herb said he'd read a new report on crows in Canada—between one September and the next August they had destroyed three and a half million ducklings and duck eggs. I think I even repeated the one about each adult crow's getting a hundred and twenty ducklings and eggs, which Herb had undoubtedly told me in the first place. I was too excited to stop talking. If things worked as I felt they would, this would be our first productive crow hunt, and, for that matter, a real hunt of any kind was exciting so far out of normal shooting season. I have an almost total apathy toward shooting birds of clay.



"I never pretended to be any George Washington."

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I was ready when Herb arrived. My own wife had had her turn at mentioning what going out in the noonday sun might indicate about our mental health, my children were persuaded this was not a summer outing they'd enjoy, and the new patches were dry on my hip boots. Herb noticed I was wearing the boots and said, "It was kind of you not to mention water toys. Now you'll have to do all the splashing," and we both laughed as if he'd said something much funnier. I was absurdly happy by then. I felt as I had the one time a friend and I played hooky from our small-city high school, not to see an afternoon movie or sit near a jukebox but to go fishing. Now, as then, it seemed so much more gratifying to fit the physical world than to try to control it or let it be manipulated for us, as it would be if Herb was kept comfortable in an air-conditioned hospital with his cases, or I in an air-conditioned study with my books. To have our shotguns out in August, with the oil liquefying on the barrels, to be wearing hunting jackets with the lovely weight of shells in the pockets, to be heading where live birds flew in such a season seemed illegally fine—contrary, if not to the laws of the Conservation Commission, then to the dreary laws of adult life. It was important, from this standpoint, that it should have been a weekday afternoon.

BACK we drove to the swamp, parked the car nearby, and started along the edge, stopping to smear our faces first with insect repellent, then with mud to cut the glare skin makes. By the time we had walked a quarter of a mile in the blissful, sweltering miasma of swamp air, the sweat streaks through the mud coating on Herb's face and the white left around his eyes had made him so ridiculous that I couldn't look at him without laughing, and, from his reactions, I don't suppose that I looked any better.

At the edge of the swamp, just under what I calculated to be the principal flyway, we fixed a place to hide. We piled up a row of brush, starting a few feet out from the trunk of a big, half-dead oak and curving it back and around in the shape of a horseshoe, with the open end pointing toward the tree. We cut bundles of swamp grass to cover the horseshoe and piled them up until the whole thing began to look like a large, untidy bird's nest. I had two crow decoys now, and I set them in it while Herb's back was turned, so that their glass eyes peered at him over the edge. "Your eggs done hatched, Mr. Interlocutor," I said. There were enough live branches on the tree to give us cover from the top, but the ones that projected over the swamp were leafless, leaving the field of fire reasonably clear.

"Let's put these children to work in the show, Mr. Bones," Herb said firmly, taking up the crow decoys. We placed one on a patch of bare ground in the field behind the blind, set up on a two-foot stick so that it appeared to be gazing into the swamp, and the other off to the right on a bare limb that projected out over the water. When we got started, live crows were supposed to take these as the source of our calling.

Then I took the owl decoy, fastened my boot tops to my belt, waded into the slack, deceptive water in front of our shooting place, and thought for a moment I might never stop sinking. For a man who chooses to spend as much time in mud as I do, I have more than an ordinary fear of it. Once, in Uruguay, I saw a giant hare leap into quicksand and disappear; he went under as fast as a stick does tossed into a sinkhole in one of our marshes here. Always when I am snipe hunting, I skirt the softer-looking places. I mention this because the mood of the day was such that it hardly occurred to me to be frightened when my right knee went out of sight. An instant later, I stopped sinking and I was able to struggle forward onto slightly firmer mud. There were numbers of small dead trees sticking out at odd, wind-tipped angles from the shallow water, and it was easy enough to

MIDSUMMER

(COVENTRY, CONNECTICUT)

That the high sheen of death could blot
This green away, or life survive
The great ice age, is almost not

To be believed. Clearly, today's
Raw sunlight ripens into grass
And grazing cows, as though always

It has been so. Still, glacial rock,
Like giant bone, breaks through the earth
And weighs the age-old walls that block

These fields, the livestock locked within.
A herd of browns and whites and blacks,
The cows browse in oblivion,

All muscle dancing under veils
Of gaudy, violet-winged black flies
Aswarm their hides, and swish their tails—

Thickset, but limber as bullwhips
Perpetually in motion, long
Quick lengths unravelled at the tips—

From side to side. Apart, a brace
Of mules made fast to buried stakes
Stand stock-still. And out through space,

At times, too far away to hear,
A jet plane's sabre-flash transcends
The mules, the massive cows—a mere

Machine-tooled slip of silver light—
And wakes a ghostly rainbow arc
Flatly across far hills, its slight

Exhaustion burning through the blue
Useless sky, trailing away,
Its destination out of view.

The glacier's gone. The cows assent
Grassward, earmarked with metal tags,
Delicacies of ornament

That glint and tick away the sun
As their ears twitch, as they remain
One rhythmic mass—as if each one

Had undergone the bull, the calf,
Cold sheets of rain, and now held out
For nothing less than life itself:

Such middle-aging gaiety
As knows not what it was, nor is,
Nor what it is about to be,

Nor cares that space thins out, goes dumb,
That time may cease to come—as if,
Rock-bound, this were the kingdom come,

And the hunched fields were crystal-clear
Jerusalem, and life was just
Vibration in the summer air.

—JAMES SCULLY

• •

find one lying on its side and twist free what roots were left. This made a pole, about eighteen feet long, to set the owl on. I raised it upright and carried it, a step at a time, to the center of the open-water area. Then I set the base carefully into the water, pressed down hard when I felt it reach mud, and found too late that I had picked another soft spot. The thing went down four feet with my weight on it, pitching me forward into the puddle. I got a good mouthful of swampwater, and mud in my hair and eyes, and before I could recover, Herb was floundering toward me, bootless. I raised up to my knees, laughing at him, and told him to get back.

"Hell," he said, reaching me anyway. "It's nice in here."

When we had finished straightening the owl around, I was wet to the shoulders and Herb to the waist, but we didn't mind; we were seldom altogether dry when we hunted.

We sloshed back to the bank, where the guns were lying. I wiped my hands on grass and picked mine up. "There's no sense both crowding into the blind," I said. "I think I'll go back across," and I pointed to a brushy mud flat that formed the opposite edge of this first of the many shallow pools that marked the low points in the swamp. Fortunately, I had left my jacket with my gun when I waded out to place the owl, so my shells were still dry. I rolled the jacket up to carry under my arm, took up the gun in my other hand, and went off, boot by boot, through the same puddle of stagnant water, to where the roots of a huge old tree, lying on its side on the mud flat, formed a shallow cave, with thin screens of willows on either side. Leaning back into the cave, feeling light and free because here the mud clung up only as far as my ankles, I put the jacket on, loaded the gun, found my crow call, and waved to Herb that I was ready. I could see him through the willows, but not very clearly. We had noticed no crows in the air while setting up, and that was very hopeful. When crows see men go into hiding, they are smart enough to avoid those places for a long while—even, some say, until they count the same number of men (up to three) go out again as have gone in.

As soon as I waved, Herb began blowing his call. I held mine, a five-inch wooden instrument flared at one end and with a mouthpiece at the other, listening to him. Four caws, fairly rapid, pitched high, and each descending slightly into a second partial syllable, formed the attraction call, or highball, according to the printed instructions that came with my instrument, and this was what Herb was blowing. It duplicates the alarm raised by a cruising crow when it happens upon an owl and begins calling up others for the chase. I listened as Herb blew three series, and then, when he was two caws into a fourth, joined in, imagining myself a second

SOUVENIRS
POST CARDS
TOURS
TOURS
B. Petty

crow attracted by the first and just discovering what the trouble was.

"Caa-aaw, caa-aaw—" Almost immediately there was a crow floating over us, looking down.

It took me completely by surprise and must have startled Herb, too, for it came out of the field behind him. I think it must have been a bird that happened to be on its way to the roost when our calling started, a bird that swung over from a line of flight already established rather than one attracted from much distance. If our belief in the need to kill the first crow was correct, then it was a good thing Herb was a fast shot. While I was still gawking, his Winchester pump gun fired just once, and the crow tumbled wing over wing down through the air and into the water at my left, giving some rather distressing caws of its own. For a moment, it seemed almost to sit and float like a water bird, trying to compose itself, as spent shot from Herb's shell pattered into the water around it.

There is another piece of crow-hunting lore or technique we might have followed. This suggests that wounded crows should be left alive, even caught and put in a sack, so that their cries of pain will add authenticity to the sounds of battle. This is said to be very effective at bringing others, but I had no will to test it. Nor was there any need for me to ask Herb how he might feel. He couldn't see the downed bird from where he was, and about the time he called to ask if I knew where it had landed, I shot the crow, and it floated off dead, moving with the impact of the pellets until it came to rest on a small extrusion of mud.

It was hard to believe, as we began the attraction call again, that the sound of two shots wouldn't keep other crows away forever, yet all authorities and our own meagre experience insisted that one of the basics of crow hunting is to keep shooting and calling simultaneously. There is, in fact, a piece of equipment offered in the Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue that provides ultimate simultaneity—a portable, transistorized phonograph on which a field recording of live crows calling may be played at great volume. It costs a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and I wonder where it is that they hunt crows so hard as to justify the expense. The machines, it is my impression, were originally made for duck hunters, and I guess they must have worked all too well, since the use of duck recordings is now outlawed. They're probably extraordinary on crows. I might like to try one; I can't be sure.

I can be quite sure that Herb and I produced no such volume or authenticity with our wooden crow calls, yet we had hardly started blowing again before crows began to answer us from the interior of the swamp, first two or three together, then what sounded like a dozen of them. We called for perhaps ten minutes, and the answers seemed to shift from place to place at first, then grew gradually more concerted and closer. The real birds' voices seemed barbarous and angry as they approached, and I heard Herb increase the tempo of his calling, lowering the pitch enough to get a snarl into it. He had shifted, he told me later, to the fighting call. That seemed to do it, for just as I was starting to change position slightly, trying to get a boot loose from the mud, a black shape came sailing low out of the brush beside me, saw Herb, flared, and started back. I couldn't move that boot. All I could do was lean back and swing my gun straight up till it pointed right over where my head had been; by the time I was on the bird and willing to shoot, I was pretty well doubled backward. It may have been the most difficult shot I've ever made in my life, for the bird actually fell directly behind me, about fifteen feet back and onto the trunk of the same tree whose roots I was standing in. I had to get the boot loose, turn, and take two steps sideways to see it. Herb said afterward that he was awed by the shot, and I confess I felt a little the same way myself.

"Here they come!" he yelled as I was still peering back and congratulating myself, and I struggled into position in time to see five or six crows between us and the sky, flying through in different directions, at different velocities and different heights. I emptied my gun wildly at them, and missed all five shots while Herb hit two. Chastened and a little confused, I resumed calling, forgetting to reload. Fortunately, Herb remembered, for when two more came he was ready and he shot a double on them, two clean kills—his turn to be impressive.

The swamp behind me was full of cawing by now, and Herb and I added all we could to it. I told myself to calm down, got loaded, got my feet arranged comfortably and my gun and body hidden again. I saw a crow flit through a space between two trees. I saw another bolting across the sky overhead, high and out of range. They then began to come in, diving at the owl singly and in pairs, and we shot and hit, shot and missed, called and waded, in a growing ecstasy. I was out of my cave now, needing a wider field of fire, and the mud was up to my knees, so that I could turn only from the waist to shoot. A crow came from the right, and I got him, but couldn't recover in time to shoot at another overhead. I went forward onto my knees in the water to correct this, freeing myself and having more surface under me against the mud. I was in water to the waist now, and my boots were full, but I could swivel, turn, and wriggle pretty freely. I'd transferred my shells into the two breast pockets of my shirt to keep them dry, and the heavy bulges interfered a little with the swinging of my gun, but it hardly bothered me. Sweat running into my eyes didn't bother me, nor did clouds of mosquitoes buzzing around, some getting through the repellent now, nor did the smell of stagnant water choking my nose and throat, nor even the call clenched in my teeth, through which I gasped, keeping my hands free for the gun. In the success and absurdity of the afternoon, each of these discomforts became a wild little contribution to happiness. I dropped another crow, and another. I was a mechanism designed to withstand swamps and destroy crows. Three came, and I hit one, saw the other two wheel toward Herb, and saw him get them both, and I spat out my call to yell in exuberance. Then came another, and I shot him twice, killing him with the first shot and almost disintegrating him with the second, which took him as he fell.

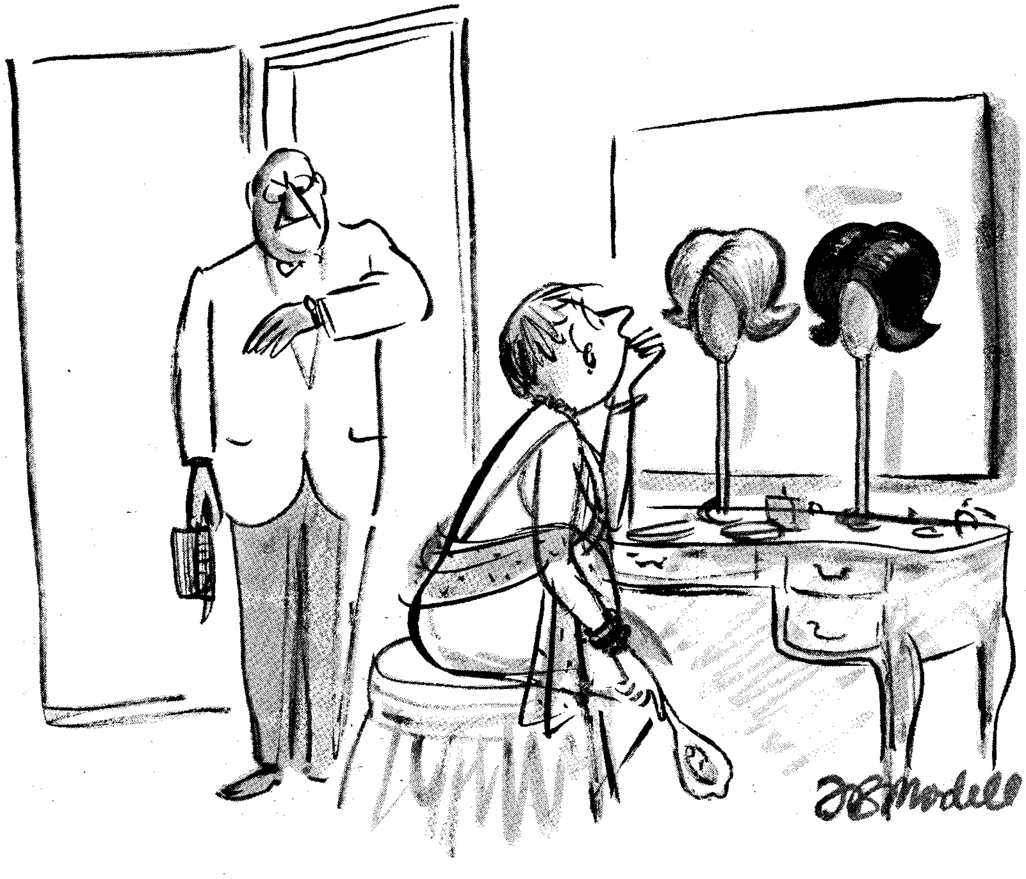
There was a lull. I got my call back, wiped my hands, and reloaded. My mouth ached, but I don't know if it was from grinning or grasping the crow call, and I was tired of being wet. I got up, moved back toward my tree, and hoisted myself astraddle of a big projecting root. There were bodies of crows all around and on the water, and I saw movement in one and shot it. A single crow went over, much too high to shoot at, and Herb produced a new sound on his crow call, a sad, descending caw, which the high crow echoed, and I guessed what it was from having seen such a call named in the instruction book—the sorrow call.

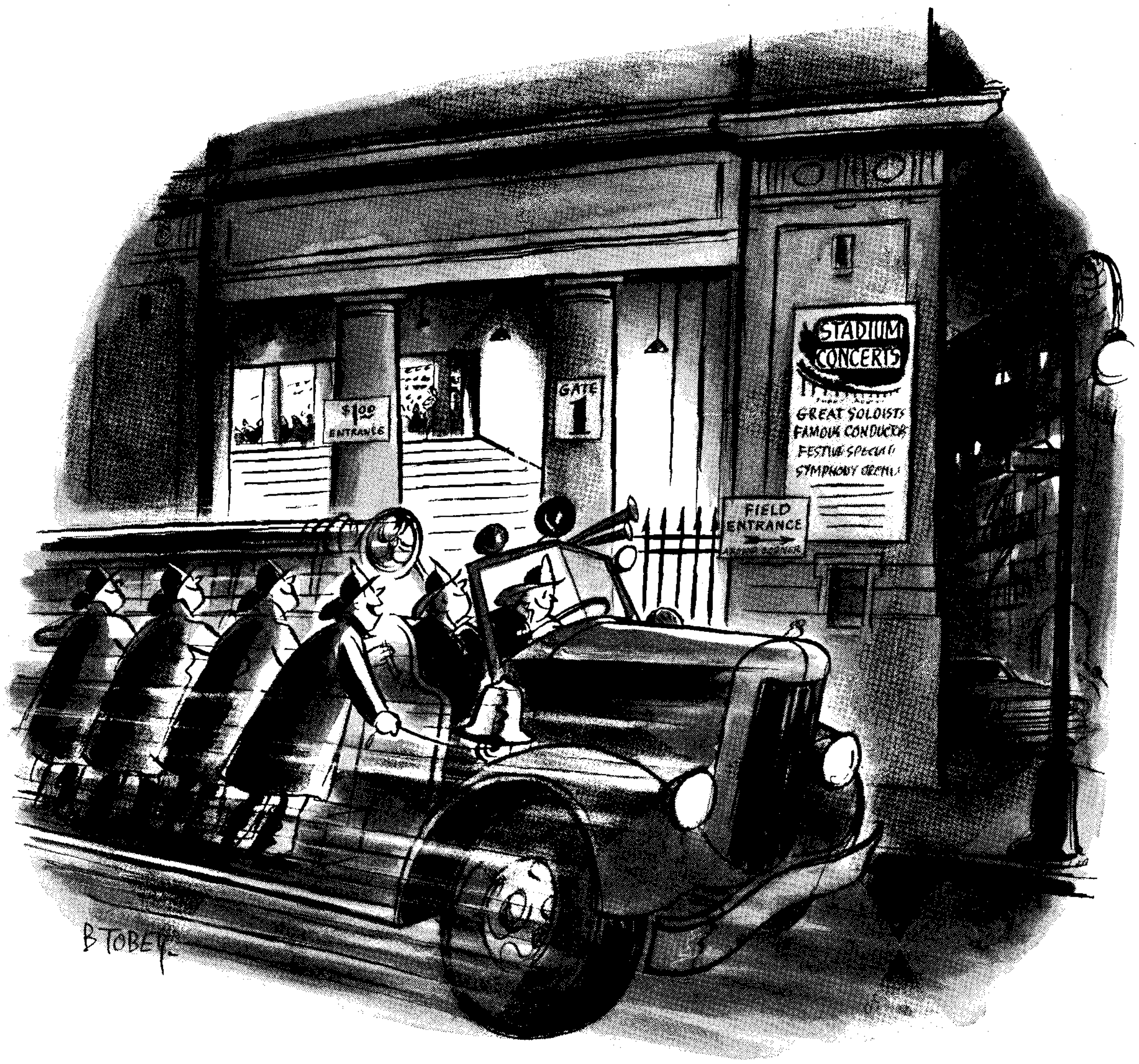
A moment after, there came a chorus like nothing I have heard before or since, a chorus of furious and concerted calls—the whole flock, it had to be, flying toward us now from their roost to defend their swamp. I did not take the crow call from my pocket. My hunting intuitions are reasonably good, and a strong one now suggested that there'd be no need for further calling. Crazily, it occurred to me I might just as well shoot down our owl decoy, for it was no longer that that they were attacking. I felt that the foolish, infuriated birds must know quite well now who and what we were, and that they would come attacking *us*. I could hear wings in the air, and a second later it was full of crows—twenty or thirty I could see and many more I couldn't.

One flew at me, or so I think, and, feeling the grin on my face again, I killed him. Herb was firing, too, but not at the five that swept toward me from the right. I got one of those and missed a second. Then I swung after the one I'd missed and got him with a long, long shot I had no right to make. And then another, snap shooting to the opposite side as he climbed, and then I had no shells for the half dozen that came retreating from Herb's direction. They were routed, they were gone. We could hear them call, mutter, and mourn, back now in the interior.

"I got four of those," I yelled at Herb, and he held up three fingers and shouted that he must look for a cripple. Setting my gun in the fork of a smaller root, I got up into standing position on the large root I'd been straddling. I looked back into the swamp now, from the slight height, in the direction of the crows' retreat. I couldn't hear them any longer, nor were there any cripples, but I did see something quite unexpected—the remains of a road. It went straight back through the swamp; the rocks and gravel that had been its bed were slightly exposed in places, making easy walking to the inside. It must, I thought, go to the roost or very near it. One small pool to cross, no worse than the one I'd crossed already, and I'd be on my way. As for Herb, he was muddy enough not to mind more wading.

Yet when I looked at the next pool, I was reluctant to step into it, and it seemed my fear of mud was back. I turned and looked across for Herb. For a moment I couldn't locate him; then he waved, and I saw that he had climbed a little way up into a tree. "Looking at the road?" he called, and I felt obscurely apprehensive at the knowledge that he had seen it, too. I watched him slip down from the tree, walk along the





"They must hate us!"

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bank, shoot the cripple he had located, then return to where he'd been shooting from, and sit down. I found myself nodding at him, feeling relieved. I got back into the mud, picking up my gun and retrieving my owl on the way to join him.

Herb gave me a dry cigarette. Then he said, "What were we going to do, after that last grand sortie they made? Jump on our damn chargers, swim the moat, and storm their castle?"

"I know," I said, but it has taken a certain amount of afterthought to determine what it was I knew. Often in our prematurely gray republic we must make up our rules even as we act upon them, and sometimes the action has actually preceded the rules, perhaps by quite a long while. Had I been alone out there in the swamp, for example, I would not have gone on to shoot more crows at the roost, which would probably have driven the flock away from the swamp for good, and it might have taken a long time for me to decide that my failure to do so was anything other than quitting. Had I been hunting with my friend X or my friend Y, either one would have insisted that we go. X is a real exterminator when he gets going, and his rule is "Get every one you can. That's what you came out for, isn't it?" As for Y, he'd have taken the duty to control predators quite grimly, acting not so much in accordance with a rule as with whole books of rules, of the kind that proliferate any time one mistakes a rationalization for a moral imperative. We'd have had to be seriously pure knights, consecrated avengers of the innocent duck, in order to go on to the roost for more shooting. And whatever the anthropomorphic bent of my mind, it is not so complete that I ever took myself for anything but a hunter having a hunt—a predator countless centuries removed from his motive, deserving therefore a lower place on any evolutionary scale of predators than crows themselves, or shrike or even magpies.

Demonic X and Implacable Y, I'll take Herb's kind of rule. Herb, whom we all three knew, was a comforter by nature. His rules—like all good rules, as far as I'm concerned—were a comfort. X, the crows are still out there in the marsh each year, and I've been out to hunt them again, and I shall neither take you nor tell you where they are. Y, what a man does for enjoyment ought to end when the pleasure runs out. "Let him alone," says the barroom fighter of the man he's downed. "I've had my fun."

It was Y, by the way, who complained to X and me once about Herb's penchant for inverting proverbs, but I still like the comfortable rule he made for us by inverting one as we walked back to the car that day. "Kill and let kill," he said, smiling. "How's that?"

Herb Mills' practice took him away from here a year ago to new tensions and responsibilities in a distant place, but I hope there is someone there who gets him out from time to time to hunt. If there is, I envy him. For myself, I go crow shooting several times a year—by myself, generally, unless my wife or one of the children cares to come along. And that completes the gamekeeping report, except for one note.

As we drove away from the swamp, I said to Herb, "We've never hunted upland game together. When you do, do you shoot those wretched hunting cats?"

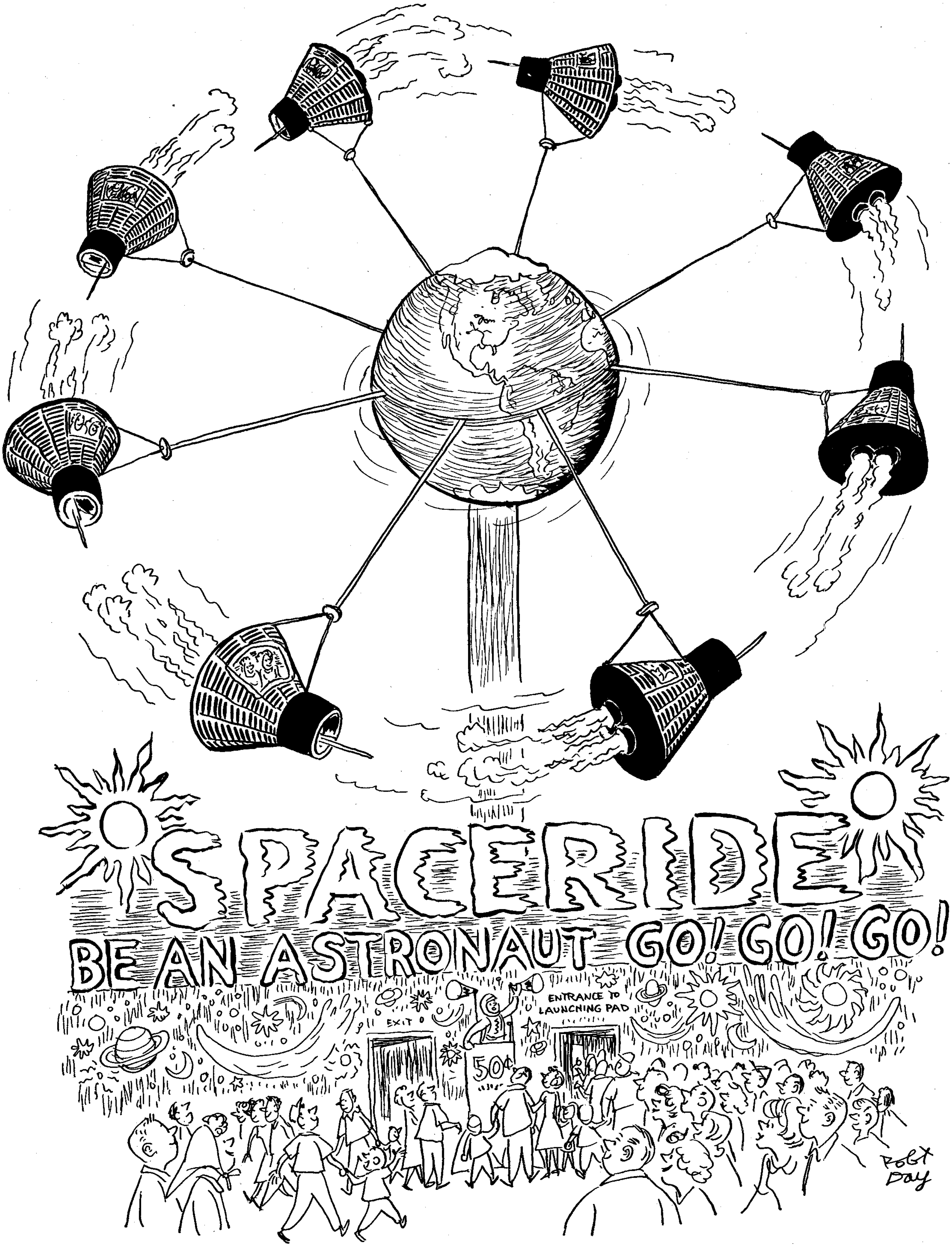
I knew what his answer had to be, of course. It was only that I wanted to hear him say, with his usual courtesy, that he never had.

—VANCE BOURJAILY

•

Mr. and Mrs. Remington Taylor of Verona, formerly of Ithaca, were weakened guests of Mrs. J. H. Barron of 145 Cascadilla Park.—*Ithaca Journal.*

Game to the bitter end, though.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THE GOOD CHILDREN

"THE Goodchilds are coming today," my mother said to me one Saturday morning—I must have been seven or eight. "And I haven't a lemon in the house. Will you please go to the little fruit stand and buy some? Here is the money."

"Well, how many?" I asked. "I can't just ask for *some* lemons."

"Six, I think. Mary will use two for the rinse—yes, six."

"That's half a dozen, then," I said.

"Do go on," my mother said. "You can be the most exasperating child. Anyway, six of one is half a dozen of another."

That got me out of the apartment, down three flights of stairs, around the corner to the store, and back. It was true, but what did it mean? It seemed a silly thing to say. Then I forgot to let it bother me, in my pleasure at knowing that this was the Goodchilds' day.

The Goodchilds had been part of our lives as long as we had lived in Chicago, almost since I could remember, but only a few weeks before, fresh with information I had acquired in school that day, I had asked, "If you say 'the Goodchilds,' isn't that wrong?"

"What on earth do you mean, *wrong*?" my mother said with a sigh. She removed the bronze hairpins from her hair and carefully placed them in a tray on her dressing table. "How can it be wrong? It's their name, isn't it?"

"But if you say Good*child*, that means just one. And there are two of them. Shouldn't you say Good*children*?"

My mother put her head in her hands and laughed.

"All right," I said sulkily. "You don't have to laugh."

She finished removing the hairpins and ran her hands through her long hair. "In fact, there are more than two," she reminded me. "There's the One Who Stays Home. She's the sister who does the marketing and cooking and housework."

"I *know*."

The doorbell rang.

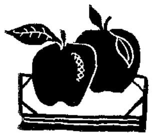
I NEVER went out to play on Saturday morning when the Goodchild sisters came to our house to wash my mother's hair and do her hands. Sometimes they were late; often one of the ladies they attended would be difficult and they were delayed in a routine of pacifying and remedial maneuvers. But I would have waited the rest of my life for them. I was certain that my mother had whispered to them my questioning of their name, but although other people—my father, my aunts and uncles, and the adult friends to whom I had overheard the story repeated—had been amused, I knew the Goodchilds hadn't laughed.

When the doorbell rang, I went out into the hall, stood on my toes, and pressed the buzzer without even calling down the tube to ask who it was. I heard them creak slowly up the carpeted hall stairs and watched from just inside the door until the top of a hat appeared.

"The Lord has blessed us with a beautiful day," Mary Goodchild said, and Lucy, behind her, said calmly, "The Lord."

They came in and I closed the door. Mary touched my shoulder gently. "And here we are. The good children."

Mary and Lucy came from what we called the "colored section" of Chicago. Mary was tall and large-boned and solid as a statue; her skin was light brown and she had blue eyes. Her hair was coarse and dark gray and pulled tightly back from her face and up from her neck into a neat bundle on the top of her head. Lucy's hair was black, and her eyes were brown. She was short and plump, and followed Mary, breathing twice as fast, when they came up the three flights of stairs to our apartment. Each day but Sunday, they got up and ate breakfast, prepared by the sister they called the One Who Stays Home, packed their satchels, and got on a streetcar that carried them the long way from their corner to the North Side and to their stylish customers.



"Good morning, Mary and Lucy," my mother greeted them. Then she clutched her scalp, as she always did, and said, "Oh, my hair!"

I followed the Goodchilds into my parents' bedroom and stood by the bed watching while they put on aprons and took other necessary items from their satchels. Lucy brought out her manicuring things, wrapped in a white hand towel. Mary removed a jar of shampoo and placed it on the dressing table. I knew how she made it, because she had told me. It was Castile soap, boiled up with a little water to make it dissolve more easily when it was used; if she didn't boil it up first, little lumps of soap, which even several rinsings could not dislodge, might stay in the hair, and it was important to get all the soap out. Then she placed on the dressing table a large bib, a box of hairpins, a curling iron, and a jar of camomile tea that she had brewed that morning. Lucy sat quietly, holding her manicuring things, until her turn should come.

My mother came in and sat down in the armchair next to the dressing table, then leaned back and relaxed. Mary Goodchild tied the bib under my mother's chin and placed a bath towel on her lap. Then she held up her long brown hands, water-wrinkled, large-knuckled, and, turning to me, said, "Watch my hands."

Slowly her hands descended to my mother's head, where they rested lightly, and then the fingers began to move as if independent of the rest of the hand. My mother sighed. "How I hate my hair," she whispered.

The palms of Mary Goodchild's hands moved, and the fingers now were still. "Your beautiful hair," she said reprovingly. "Your beautiful hair."

"Beautiful," Lucy murmured reproachfully.

"The scalp is relaxing," Mary said softly. "Now I can feel it breathing under my fingers. Beautiful hair. Don't ever have it bobbed—you must promise Mary."

"Don't worry," my mother said. "I hate bobbed hair. I think women should *look* like women. I intend to go to my grave with all the hair God gave me."

Mary picked up the brush and began long, even strokes. "Someday, little one," she said to me, "I will wash your hair and curl it, when you want to look pretty for the boys."

"For the boys," Lucy said, and looked at me slyly.

I made a face. "Who cares about boys?" I said angrily. "I wish I could have all my hair cut off, and then I wouldn't have to have it washed, and get soap in my eyes all the time."

Mary stopped brushing my mother's hair. Her face was grave. "No, little one, don't say that. I knew a little girl . . ."

"A little girl," Lucy said sadly.

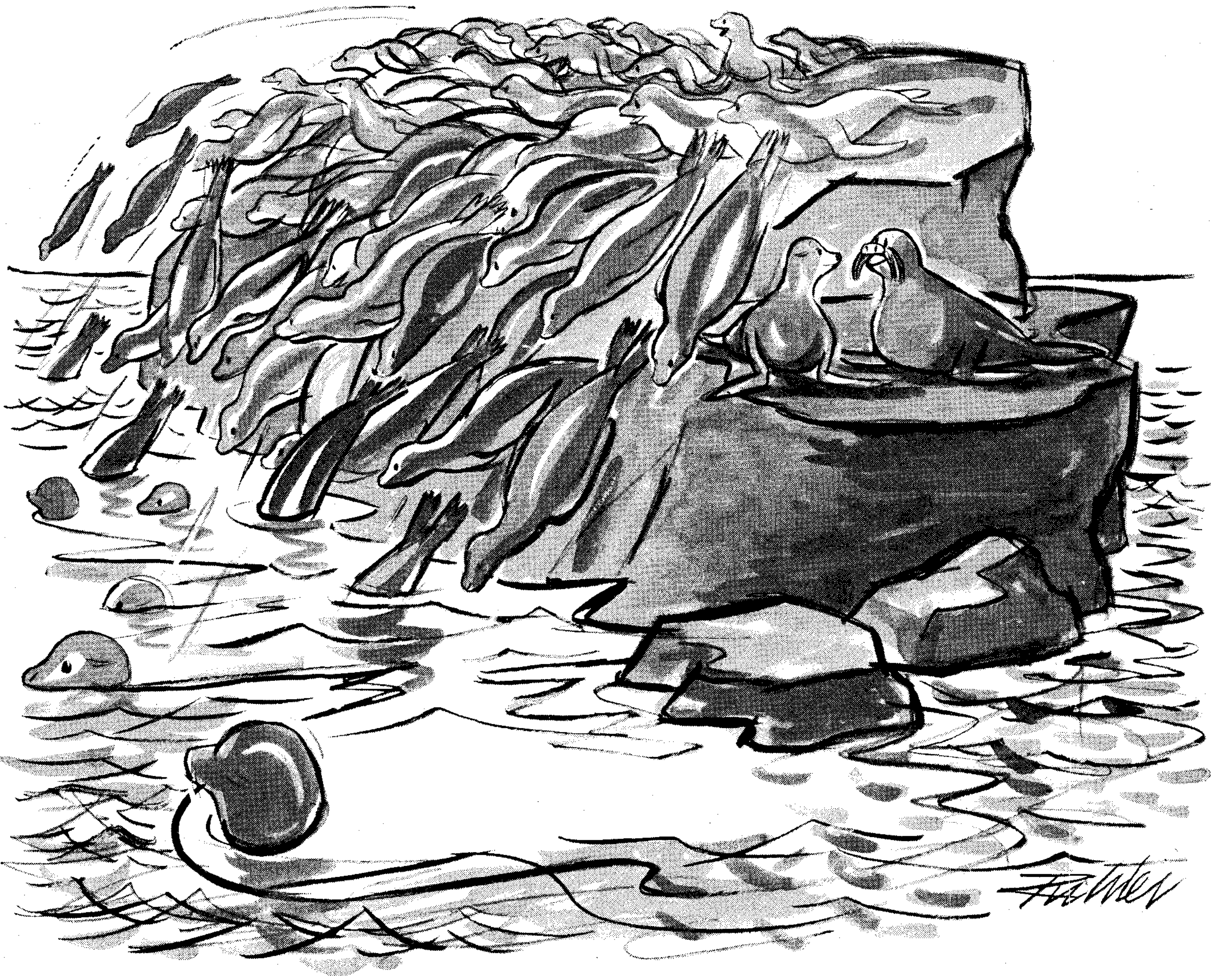
". . . a pretty little girl like you, and she had long golden curls. Lucy and I go to her mother. Such a gentle little girl, and so smart, she could read a book like a grownup, and she was so happy. Everybody loved that little girl. And then one day she got sick from a disease, and that disease went into her hair, and all her hair came out."

"She was lucky," I said, appalled.

"No, honey," Mary said. "She died of it."

"From having her *hair* come out?"

Mary shook her head slowly. "No,



"Well, until next year, then. Same time, same place."

• •

honey, she died from her disease. The pretty one. I remember how she cried and cried when her hair all came out. She was just a little girl. And then one day she was very sick, and she went to sleep. And there isn't a pretty little girl in that house any more."

"Well, where did she go?" I asked.

Mary put the brush down, picked up the bottle of shampoo, and shook it briskly to mix it.

"She's in Heaven now, where all good children go." She stopped shaking the bottle, looked down at me, and smiled. "Lucy and I and the One Who Stays Home are going to Heaven, aren't we, because we're Goodchildren?"

"Did her hair grow back in Heaven?" I asked.

"I remembered the lemons today," my mother said nervously.

"First the shampoo, then the lemon rinse to cut the soap, and then the camomile tea to make the beautiful hair shine." Mary nodded. "And today we will brush it dry in the sun. And Lucy will make the pretty white hands shine, too."

I COULDN'T forget the little girl who lost all her hair and then died. I knew that Snow White had swallowed a bite of poisoned apple and they *thought* she was dead, but she wasn't and everything turned out all right. I always doubted that Mary knew the end of the story, because children are not old enough to die, and probably a prince or somebody had come along and rescued the little girl and she was alive.

The Goodchilds have been gone for a long time, but I think about them often. I have had children of my own by now, but one is no longer with us. She, too, was just a little girl who one day went to sleep.

What talents, I wonder, are required for Heaven? Is it open, for instance, to the child who could caress a flower without bruising a single petal, to the pale young women whose lives are graced by their joy in their own loveliness, to the dark women whose pride is in their satchels packed with the paraphernalia of love?

Heaven is for the good children. Unstylish, unbelieving, and uncommitted, I give no pledges for my admission. But now the long chocolate-brown fingers lined with pink, the wrinkled hands of Mary Goodchild, reach into my memory. *Watch my hands!* Mary opens her satchel, and Lucy sits on a straight chair, smiling. "We are the good children," Mary says, and her voice does not ring in the vast chambers of an unlocated place but comes to me quietly, deep and soft and full of assurance I cannot understand. *Watch my hands!*

And then the hands reach out with love and touch my dead child's long, fair hair. —KATINKA LOESER

•

"It is the lack of human dignity in the USSR that hurts most," said Dr. Klochko at his new home in Canada.

Where, except perhaps in the Bible, is that truth more simply stated?—*Pittsburgh Press.*

May we have a minute on that?

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

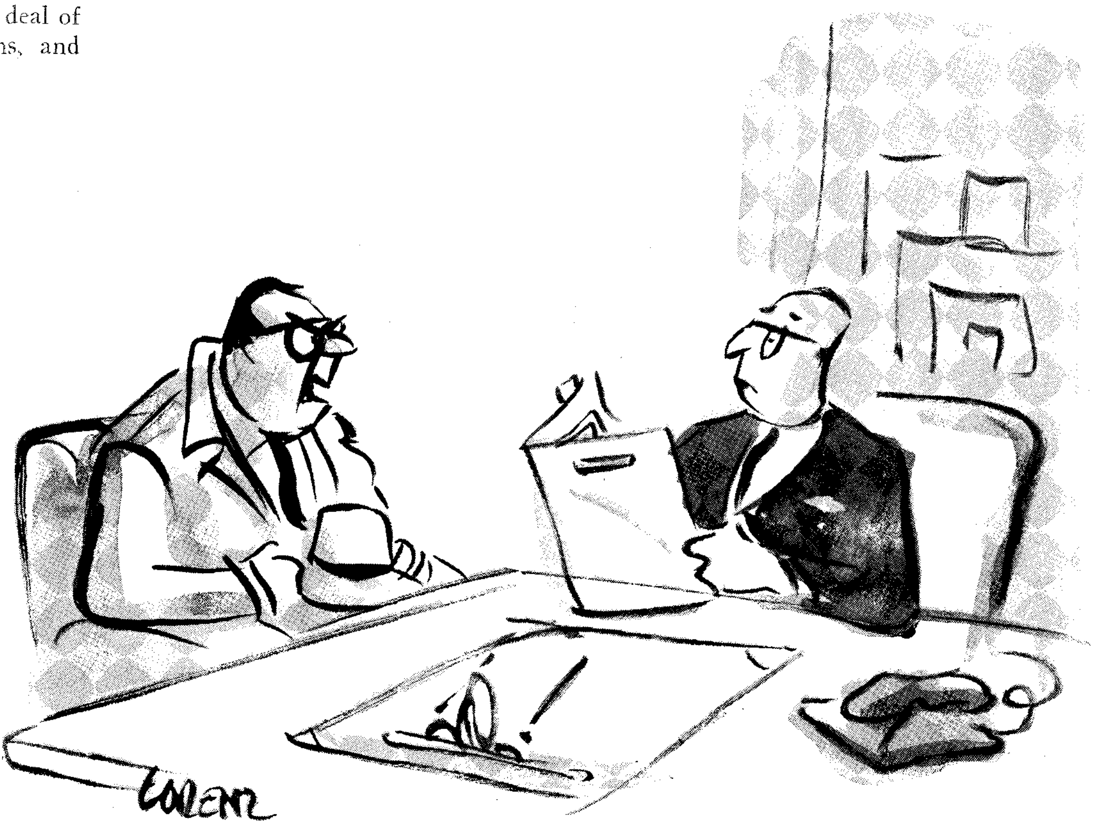
YOU READ ME AND I'LL READ YOU

NOW that Europe is becoming increasingly conscious of itself as something more than a geographical entity, its various and vociferous component peoples spend a good deal of time talking to one another on all levels, and as soon as the European summer gets under way, the airways fill up with delegates to this or that international conference, their briefcases at the ready, a tangle of languages on the tips of their tongues. Except superficially, these gatherings have little in common with the backslapping, name-tagged conventions in the United States; the differences and distinctions that have to be overcome between a shoe salesman from Iowa and his opposite number from Maine are relatively minor, whereas those between a Finnish frozen-food manufacturer and his Italian counterpart are obviously quite enormous.

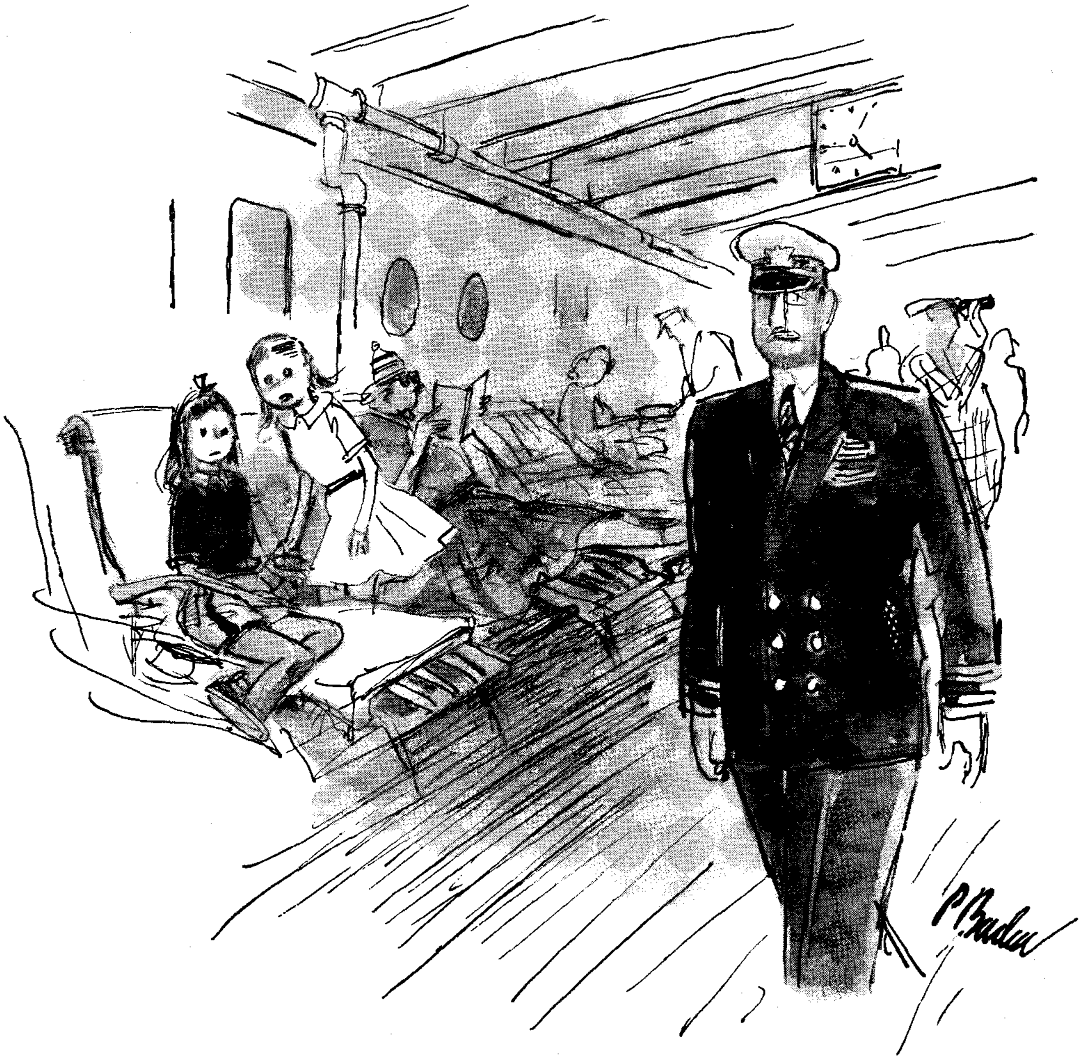
I recently spent some time on the Spanish island of Majorca listening in to an extraordinary variety of multilingual communication, ranging from the oratorically formal to the intimately particular, and although at times I found myself beginning to despair that we would all drown in a pool of wordage, I emerged from the proceedings with an odd faith in the notion that once the words have evaporated, a good deal of sheer human substance remains, and that the world is not likely to be entirely lost in translation. In this case, the participants were writers and publishers, and though, as a breed, they are no more wordy than button manufacturers, their business is with words and with what they called, in one of their resolutions, "the free circulation of thought and its expression;" on the evidence of the colloquies I attended, they certainly practice what they preach.

The gathering took place in a vast hotel on Cape Formentor, on the northern tip of the island, where a group of editors, critics, and writers met to wrangle over the awarding of two annual literary prizes, the International Publishers' Prize and the Formentor Prize. Although these prizes were established only two years ago, they are assuming considerable importance, for the first bestows a gift of ten thousand dollars on a writer who has already made a notable reputation and, in the judgment of the assembly, has a body of important work ahead of him, and the second represents not only cash but something relatively new in literary publishing—simultaneous publication in eleven languages. Indeed, the novel that wins the Formentor Prize becomes no fewer than eleven different novels, with an immediate international circulation quite unprecedented in the history of literature.

Four years ago, the hotel at Formentor lent its hospitality to two literary conferences—first an exuberant international gathering of poets, then a similar collection of novelists—and from these meetings the idea of awarding the prizes formed in the mind of Carlos Barral, a young Spanish poet and a partner in the Barcelona publishing firm of Seix Barral. He communicated with as many publishers in other countries as he could muster, and eventually managed to set up the mechanics of the scheme. Thirteen countries, each spearheaded by a particular publishing house, now participate—Great Britain, France, Holland, Italy, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Spain, Portugal, Canada, and the United States—representing among them eleven languages. Each publisher brings with him a jury of half a dozen writers and critics; selecting the winner of the International Publishers' Prize is the province of the juries, and selecting the winner of the Formentor Prize that of the publishers. For the International Publishers' Prize, each jury presents in advance a selective list of novels published in its home country within the last three years, and during three days of intense debate the jurors substantiate their national choices and comment on the choices of other countries; at the concluding meeting, a series of ballots is taken to determine the winner. The Formentor Prize is judged by the publishers from a selection of unpublished manuscripts already submitted to them; they carry on a similar debate, and with the award—a ten-thousand-dollar advance on royalties—goes their undertaking to publish the winning manuscript simultaneously in their individual countries. As might be imagined, the scheme has its rough edges—it is a little too neat in theory to emerge in practice to the complete satisfaction of all the participating countries—but as I listened



"I notice no one's been stealing any of that Universal Electronics stock you sold me last year."



"Is he the one that goes down with it?"

• •

to the proceedings, what became eminently clear to me was the interest, good will, and even humor in its bones.

As an extraordinary point on the earth's surface, Formentor is a worthy geographical setting for the oddness of the gathering. The entire cape was bought by an Argentine eccentric, Adam Diehl by name, in 1929, when the first pilgrim tourists of yesteryear were blazing a trail to the Balearics—a trail that has by now become a broad, well-beaten track. When Diehl bought the place, there was no way to reach it except by boat from the nearby port of Pollensa, and when he later built a hotel on the site, its only connection with the rest of the island was an alarmingly precipitous road that discouraged all but the hardiest travellers—a circumstance that led to the hotel's eventual popularity among the international set. (Diehl, unhappily, committed suicide in despair just before his enterprise proved to have been quite visionary.) Today, the hotel still keeps its air of exclusive remoteness; I heard one lady publisher describe it exasperatedly as a "de-luxe prison." Nevertheless, it takes its new role of patron of the arts very seriously, and plays unperturbed host to the bizarre collection of men of letters of various shapes, sizes, and languages who arrive each year to see literary justice done.

The setting has its ironies. Since the crucial sessions do not begin until late afternoon, publishers, critics, writers, and attendant journalists are able to spend their mornings in loose chatter on the beach, dipping their thoughtful feet in the Mediterranean, and it does seem true for the moment that the littérateurs of the world are brothers under the skin—a sunny oversimplification that is soon dispelled in the wrangling of the afternoons. Moreover, Formentor is so much a postcard of a place that it raises inevitable incongruities: someone speaks passionately of the hard realities in the novels of, say, Giovanni Testori, while his listeners gaze out on the glittering blue-and-green sweep of the bay. "When I first began to write, I couldn't afford shoes," an Italian novelist said to me. "And now, when I find myself at a place like this *because* I'm a writer, I wonder if I'm any different from all these notorious Italians who begin with one vegetable stall and end up owning chains of supermarkets. Is it not the same story?"

Hanging over Formentor is the confusion of tongues; the languages that the participants choose to speak, or choose not to speak, make for a kind of polylingual gamesmanship. French, by tacit agreement, is the basic language of the proceedings, although each country's representative is free to speak in his own language. This year, the Italians, for instance, spoke French, sometimes flawlessly, sometimes grudgingly, but always with a polite recognition of its graces; Italian, they seemed to imply, lay waiting quietly in the background, a secret language for the initiated. The Germans spoke French fluently and without question; it was obvious that to them language was the least of the problems at hand. The members of the English delegation made their judgments in a diffident, half-amateur French, as though they felt that speaking anything but English was already concession enough. The Scandinavians' French had an unusually sensible ring; the tune was missing, but the meaning was un-Gallically crisp. The French spoke French with an indulgent brilliance, the teacher demonstrating to the pupils. The Spaniards buckled down to it in the manner of linguistic mechanics, unscrewing the language and putting it together again in a blunt, functional way. And when, occasionally, the Americans ventured into French, the company sat breathless, listening not to what was said so much as to the gallant fulfillment of syntactical structures, the relieving click of pronouns falling into place. When the speakers shifted into English or Spanish, as they sometimes did, it was as if they had suddenly reappeared in different clothes, and when a novel happened to be discussed in two different languages, it was hard to imagine that it could be the same book. After a formal session broke up, I would sit listening to the delegates returning torrentially

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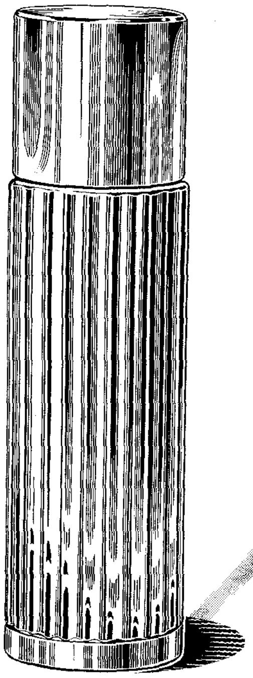
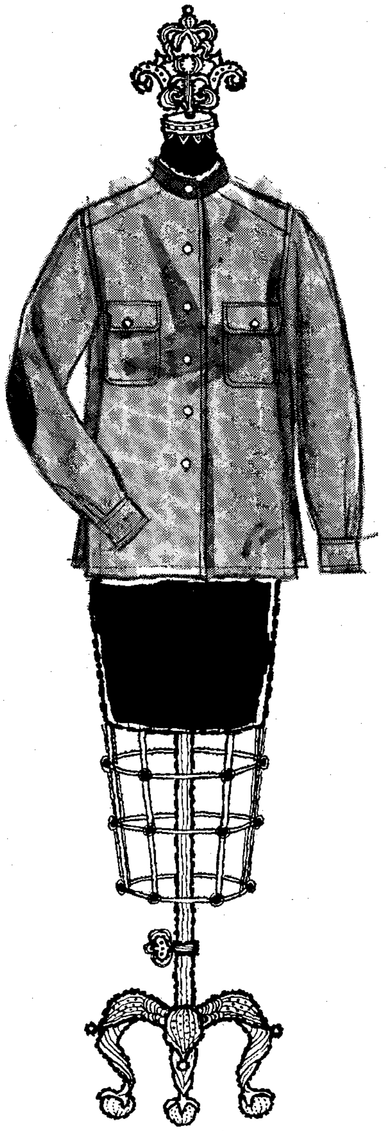


Germaine Monteil



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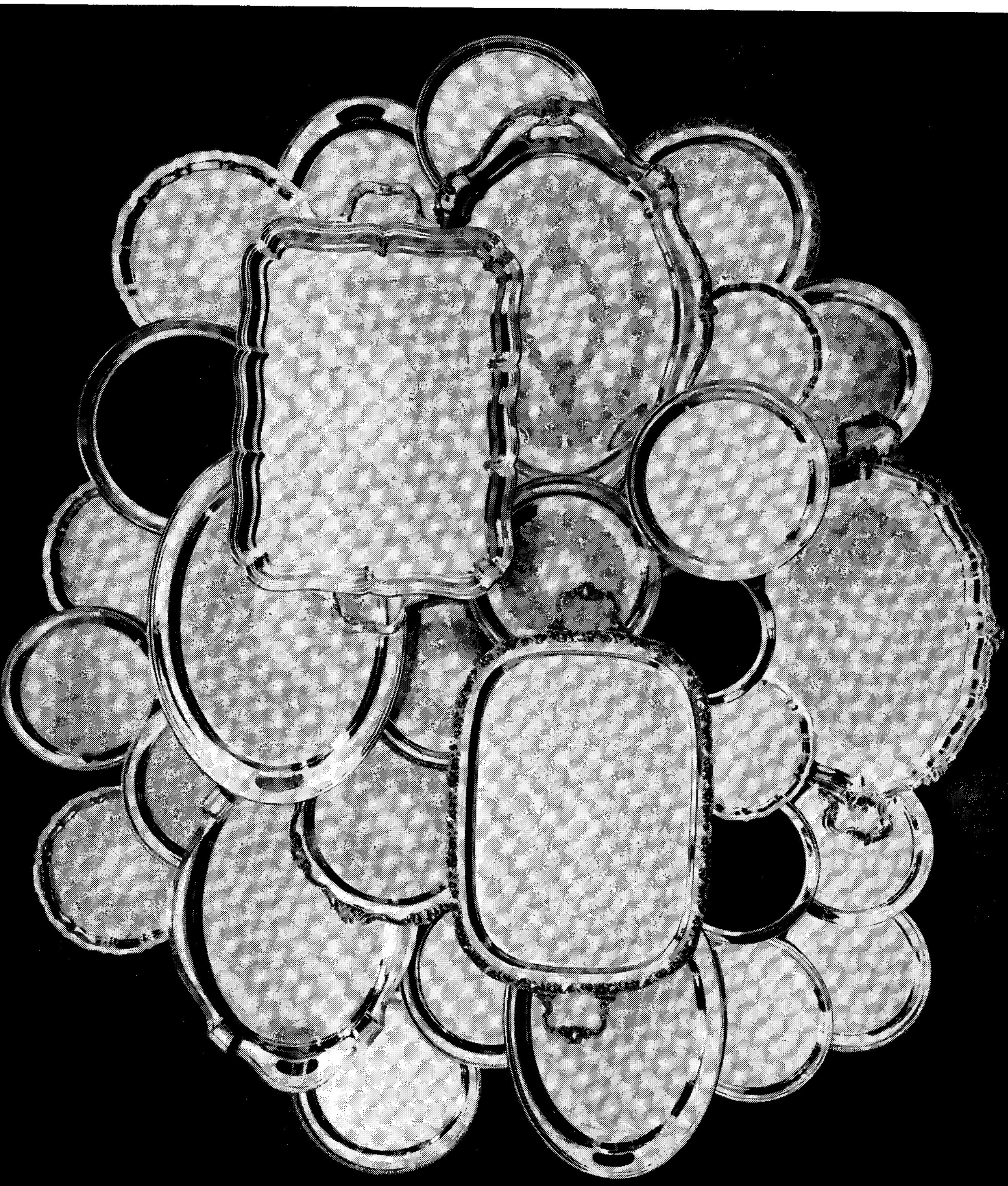
to their own languages, like children suddenly let out of school; set free from the linguistic formalities of the meeting, they replayed the proceedings in the space of minutes. The strain of listening, for so highly literate a congregation, had obviously been too much; talking was their trade, and they reverted to it with boisterous pleasure.

The list of candidates under consideration for the International Publishers' Prize—a list that most of the jurors clutched, reread, ticked off, and doodled on—was a stoutly impressive one, consisting of seventy-nine titles and including most of the notable works of fiction published in the literate countries of the world over the three-year span of eligibility, but, studying it, most of the jurors shook their well-read heads, for they could seldom individually account for more than a third of the total. There were conspicuous exceptions. Mr. Angus Wilson, of the English delegation, gave the impression of having spent the past year as an indefatigable tourist in all the literatures of the world. He was able to brush aside a proffered Turkish novel as having been "perhaps a decisive social event in Turkey, but not up to the literary standards of Western Europe;" since he added that he had discussed the novel in Turkey itself only a month before, the book was quietly shelved in all the listening minds. Similarly, the young German poet Dr. Hans Magnus Enzensberger riffled with sharp good humor through Italian, French, English, and American novels; he was so agile and informed that he was able to disentangle most of the rhetorical knitting clicked out by some of the national spokesmen. The members of the American delegation, on the other hand, made it clear from the beginning not only that they were unfamiliar with most of the foreign (if "foreign" is the word) novels on the list but also that they had some qualms about pressing the books on their own list—an unconscious gambit that brought Spaniards, Scandinavians, and Frenchmen leaping to the voluble defense of American literature. A Spanish critic, speaking in slow French, delivered an impassioned lecture on the importance of Christopher Isherwood, an Englishman of American nationality; the French novelist Michel Mohrt waved the names of Saul Bellow and Carson McCullers in the air. "Why are the Americans so modest?" whispered a Spanish writer sitting next to me. "If we were to be as apologetic about Spanish writers, we wouldn't be able to muster a single book."

The Italians proved to be the masters of literary statesmanship. Not only did they bring with them three of their most distinguished novelists—Carlo Levi, Elio Vittorini, and Alberto Moravia—and an extremely downright critic, Gianfranco Contini, but they held forth with such persuasive eloquence that no one could bear to impose on them the time limit of seven minutes that had been agreed on. (On one occasion, Vittorini stopped dramatically in mid-phrase to observe that he had outrun his time. "Go on, go on!" cried the bedazzled throng, and he did, for a good ten minutes more.) Their every appearance was a performance, their every utterance a stylist's delight, whether they were waxing rhapsodic about their own novelists under consideration—Giorgio Bassani, Carlo Cassola, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Vasco Pratolini, and Giovanni Testori—or being lyrically enthusiastic about Simone de Beauvoir, Alain Robbe-Grillet, or Camilo José Cela. "The trouble with the Italians is that they like anything, as long as it is well written," muttered a Frenchman in front of me. With this, the French novelist Michel Butor added his own tribute to them—that he could find nothing in the work of Pasolini that was not better executed in the works of the Italian writers present. All of them smiled faintly and said nothing.

The main figure of controversy in the whole assembly turned out to be Robbe-Grillet. He served to underline one of the main revelations of Formentor—that French writers are more widely read than any others. Around Robbe-Grillet the delegates tangled fiercely. "He has led us into the realms of awe, causing us to reëxamine all that we have done before," thundered Vittorini, bowing his magnificent gray head. "He has wound up the ordinary with a false mystery, a cold, frightening atmosphere," murmured Francis Wyndham, quietly and Englishly. "He is not a writer one loves but a writer one indubitably admires," said the profoundly reasonable Contini. "It would be risky to give the prize to so *fashionable* a writer," argued the Germans. The last wise word lay with Gunner Brandell, for the Scandinavians. "Are we not perhaps being shown by Robbe-Grillet a path that leads *out* of literature, into a world of the image—a world of pure film?" he asked. "We are, after all, gathered to award a *literary* prize. Let us instead consider Claude Simon, who has, from our point of view, written a *real book*."

Often in the course of the warm Ma-



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jorcan afternoons, I would hear a juror sigh heavily—an extralingual comment that most of the attending delegates would probably have subscribed to heartily. The solitary Dutchman present contented himself with telling the plot of the single Dutch novel on the jurors' list, safe in the knowledge that almost nobody else present had read it. Angus Wilson bobbed up to restrain a runaway burst of enthusiasm over a handful of Japanese novels. "Let us not be misled by our fascination with the exotic," he said dryly. "It is in a sense interesting to see, in the course of four or five pages, the way in which stomach disorders are treated, but these things, in all seriousness, must be put on one side." Speaking on Simone de Beauvoir, Carlo Levi brushed away "La Force de l'Age," the book under consideration, and instead delivered a long, lilting paean on her uniqueness as a literary personality; when he mentioned "*la sombre suite des événements somnambules*"—his great, cherubic head thrown back, a faint, faraway smile on his face—heads nodded sleepily across the room.

It was the Germans who, in advancing the claims of their two elected stars, Günter Grass and Uwe Johnson, made the most succinct sense. Their arguments were sharp and to the point, their exposition lucid. "We are in the process of becoming European," said one of them, "and we are lucky to have two writers who are in the best sense European—who deal with the problem not just of a divided Germany but of the divisions in Europe and the divisions in men, which we know ourselves that we must surmount." When the turn of the English came—they had drawn last place in the order of speaking, an accident that suited their natural inclination toward pithiness—they proffered as their principal choice V. S. Naipaul and his "A House for Mr. Biswas," a West Indian novel written by a Hindu who had grown up in Trinidad. "Folklore!" snorted the Germans, and the French looked shocked. The English were perversely delighted, and rambled on with whimsical zeal. Time, however, was running out; it remained only for Angus Wilson to add a nugget of eloquence on behalf of John Cowper Powys ("the least recognized great writer in English") and for James Baldwin—a late arrival, who explained, to the general delight, that a dinner at the White House was what had detained him—to deliver a graceful last-minute tribute to Katherine Anne Porter before the voting began.

On the first ballot, when three names could be presented by each jury, Uwe

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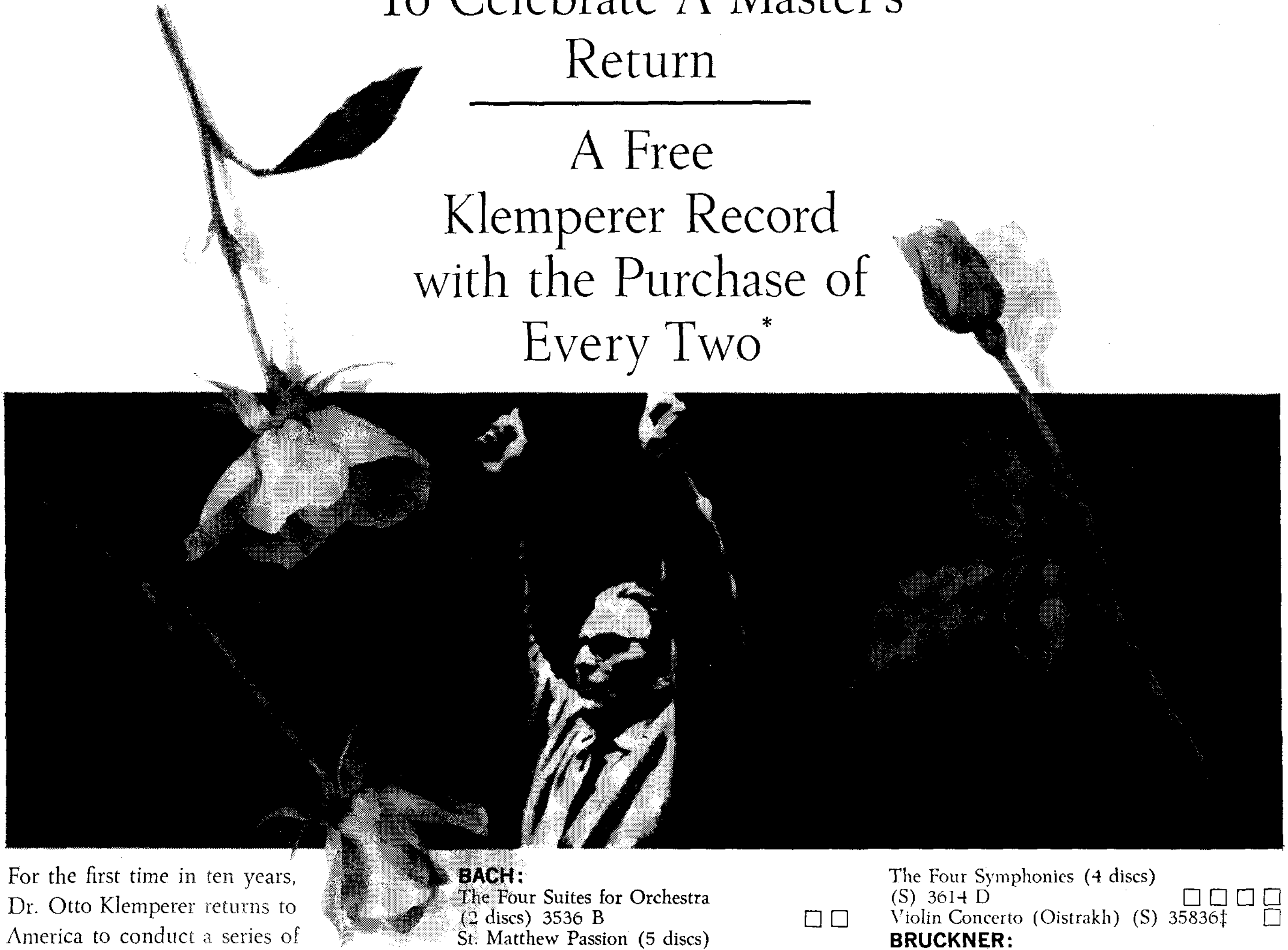

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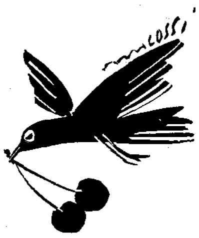
Johnson had four votes; Carson McCullers—a writer with the advantage of having been ubiquitously translated—had three; Robbe-Grillet, Grass, and Bassani each had two; and a fistful of national champions had one apiece. Before the next ballot, which asked for only two names, the meeting broke up for ten vociferous minutes. The Germans looked tense, the French cool. The secretary-general of the conference, Mr. Jaime Salinas, of Seix Barral, who had owlishly borne the brunt of questions, complaints, and objections, and who could still manage an international smile, called, in five languages, for the delegates to resume their seats. Heads were bent again, and the votes were collected: Johnson, four; McCullers, three; Grass and Pasolini, two each. Ten-minute break. "Have you read Johnson?" a Dane asked a Frenchman. "No, but my daughter has, and she says he's either a genius or a madman." The jurors took their seats again, in the dusk, with the lights winking along the edge of the bay. The final ballots were distributed quickly; a certain tenseness settled in. Each jury's vote was read out. "Uwe Johnson," said each one in turn, transplanting the name to print, garlanding it with headlines. There was some final dithering over which book of Johnson's should specifically be given the prize, and when "Das Dritte Buch Über Achim" was firmly decided on, the company sighed unanimously with relief.



The publishers, excluded from the balloting, now disclosed the result of their deliberations; the president of the assembly, the Italian publisher Giulio Einaudi, announced that they had agreed to award the Formentor Prize to Dacia Maraini, a young Italian novelist, for her second novel, "L'Età del Malessere." Moravia jumped to his feet in glee, and then delightedly gave a résumé of the novel for the benefit of the wondering audience. After that, the company subscribed to a telegram of tribute to be sent to John Cowper Powys, and the proceedings were over. The journalists bobbed up and vanished, and the gathering gradually dispersed, wandering through the pine trees in an easy conversational lassitude, dinner replacing literature in their minds.

IT would be easy to find fault with Formentor, to complain that the discussions—interested, enthusiastic, indifferent, amusing, witty, malicious, tender, and outrageous as they were by turns—were too amorphous to be considered a true act of literary justice, but then what tangling of literary attitudes ever could be?

"When I think of the squabbling of the last few days, I'm amazed at how wise we've been in the end," remarked a French novelist. "Johnson has written two extraordinary books, is still under thirty, and is likely to write a good dozen more. Are we spoiling him by giving him this money? That argument makes me sick. Obviously, some writers are tenacious or wild enough to survive poverty, but let us not make poverty an accessory to their quality. The only time that money spoils a writer is when he sells to the films, gets vast quantities of cash, and becomes either a real-estate man or a speculator."

"I'd never even heard of Johnson," said one English critic, "but I've acquired such faith in this company that I have no doubt I shall find him readable."

"We never believed that either Johnson or Grass would get the prize over more monumental writers, like Robbe-Grillet, John Cowper Powys, Katherine Anne Porter, and Saul Bellow," said a member of the German jury. "But in a sense he is much more appropriate to this gathering than any of them." He waved an arm at the pines, the Mediterranean, and the bats punctuating the sooty blue dark. "Not just the setting—who wouldn't enjoy that?—but the confusion, the Englishness of the English, the competitiveness of the Americans, the volubility of the Italians, the aloofness of the French. He'd probably begin another novel about all this."

The general good humor was justified, for it was least of all from the formal sessions that the conference took its flavor; it was much more from the unlikely groups that formed on the beach, in the bar, at dinner. A literary politician would probably have sneered at the inept modesty of the delegations, but in their modesty lay both their strength and their humanity. "What a relief not to have to discuss English novels with Englishmen—I actually met someone who hadn't even heard of C. P. Snow," said Angus Wilson.

"I had a most illuminating morning with a German critic," said one of his colleagues. "He breeds Dalmatians and so do I, and I must say he has some absorbing opinions on the subject."

I sat down with a friend of mine, a Spanish critic. "Do you know, this meeting changes our lives," he said. "For a long time, in Spain, we've been cut off from the rest of Europe and we've been

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writing in the dark. Now we hear Spanish novels discussed seriously by critics from other countries, and we feel that perhaps we're not so remote from the rest of Europe after all—that our literature, at least, can hold its head up and command serious European attention. You know that old joke, which was not altogether a joke for Spanish writers—'*Si me lees, te leo*' ['You read me and I'll read you']? Well, we've felt for long enough that we were in that situation. But last year it was a Spanish novelist, Juan Garcia Hortelano, who won the Formentor Prize, and Jorge Luis Borges, who divided the International Publishers' Prize with Samuel Beckett, wrote in Spanish and had been only sparsely translated. Since the civil war, as you know, we have had the censorship to contend with, and also our emotional paralysis, so that it is only in the past three or four years that we have had anything like a new Spanish literature. Formentor has given us enormous confidence. We feel that at least we are back in the league."

The chief irony of the Formentor conference lies in the fact that it takes place in a part of Spain, a country where nothing at all may be published before being scanned by a government censor's scrutinous eye, which blinks at nothing but narrows at anything that seems to reflect criticism of the government or of religious institutions. The Madrid government, alarmed by such a concentration of professional word-users, takes a wary, uneasy view of Formentor; this year it sent not only three plainclothes police "observers" but two representatives of the Ministry of Information, and on the second day of the conference the correspondents of the Madrid and Barcelona newspapers were informed that they were to dispatch no reports of the proceedings—a ridiculous and ill-considered restriction, since the meetings were entirely without a political cast, and might even have been made to serve as a benevolent advertisement for Franco's patronage of the arts. As it was, the restriction stung not only the presiding editors but, much more, the small band of foreign journalists, who hurried to their rooms to write a series of highly discolored cloak-and-dagger stories, phoning them through to their papers in the middle of the night over the hotel's single, quivering wire. Only a murder could have pleased them more; innocent sunbathers became secret policemen in plain skin, and the reporters took to looking over their shoulders in mid-mutter. "PARADISE HAS TWO FACES," howled the London *Daily Mail*—a howl that would never be al-

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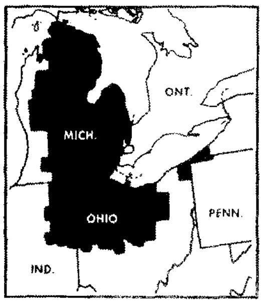

The measured area of the Alfred Politz media study released September, 1961. This area includes 6,801,000 people—age 15 and older.

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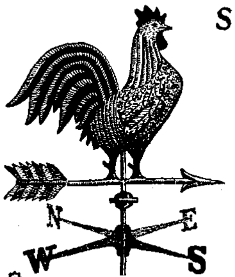

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lowed to reach any Spanish ears. I stopped one morning for a word with one of the Ministry of Information emissaries, a quiet man I have had a nodding acquaintance with for some years. "It is so beautiful here," he murmured gently. "My wife and I have been looking forward to this conference all year."

The publishers, however, remained quite calm, and formally asked the Ministry of Information to withdraw its ban on the Spanish journalists, which, after a dithering interval, it did. The incident was nothing more than a storm in a wineglass, but it gave some indication of the jangled state of Madrid's nerves and, in addition, revealed the characteristic capriciousness of the censorship—a capriciousness that had caused the Censorship Office twice to refuse permission to Seix Barral to publish Hortelano's prize-winning novel. It appeared only after the authorities had had it pointed out to them that, with the novel's being published simultaneously in so many other countries, its non-appearance in the original Spanish would be a conspicuous embarrassment.

AMONG the social occasions of the week, and quite apart from the sunburned, toe-wiggling sessions of beach gossip, was an informal dinner at which Hortelano was presented with thirteen separate copies of his novel, "Tormenta de Verano," by the thirteen publishers. He looked a bit abashed at filling his bookshelf so swiftly; the publishers, in turn, looked enormously relieved at the tangible evidence of their commitment, as though they had feared that one of their fellows might falter. The publishers, when all is said and done, are the spine of the Formentor gathering, although they take no active part in the maneuverings around the International Publishers' Prize. They put up the money for both prizes, and they take their commitment to publish the winner of the Formentor Prize most seriously. I discussed the whole project with one Scandinavian publisher. "Professionally, this is a gesture of enthusiasm on our part, but our enthusiasm is very genuine," he said. "We have an odd situation with regard to translation in the Scandinavian countries, for a great number of books sell quite well in their original language—particularly English books. Even so, we go on publishing translations, which also sell. I do not think that Hortelano's book will have a great success with us—you can translate its *substance* but not its *context*—yet we accept the judgment of the company here, in whom we have great faith.

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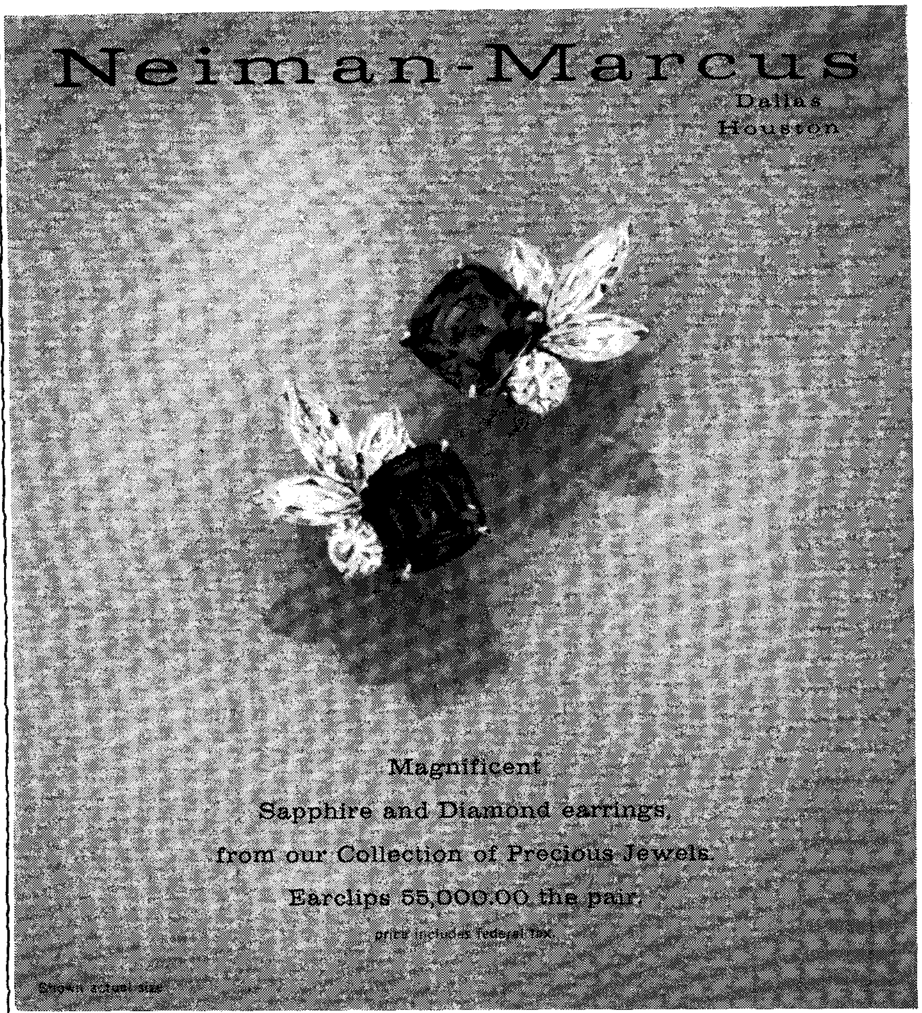
Some of the other publishers were more voluble. "Leave the prizes aside for one moment," said one of them, "and realize one thing—that at Formentor, and in our preparation for Formentor, we come across, and even buy, a string of books that would otherwise reach us only in the slow course of publishing time. I, for instance, have just signed up two books written by Formentor jurors. In the ordinary course of events, they might have taken a year to reach me, or they might have been snapped up by someone along the way, but I heard the two authors speak, asked them if they had any books still untranslated, and—boom!—we arranged it all on the beach. This meeting has created a very practical precedent for many of us; instead of dealing with the enormously cumbersome mechanism of international agents, we are able to get books directly from the other publishers, whom we now know as friends, and from writers and critics we meet here, who quite often advise us. It would be a little too wishful to say that we are providing for the circulation in Europe and the United States of books that would previously have remained locked in their own language. It's a literary Common Market, if you like. Of course, it's not of much immediate benefit to the smaller countries—the unread minorities—but it does make a difference to them. At the same time, don't imagine that we are going to translate everything readable into eleven languages; I can see that there will be times when very few translatable books come along. But Formentor gives me confidence that I will not *miss* books in other languages that I ought to have published."

The English publisher George Weidenfeld (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), who, with Gallimard of France, Einaudi of Italy, Seix Barral of Spain, Grove Press of the United States, and Rowohlt of Germany, originally set up the prizes, proved to be much more deeply committed than the others to the idea of "co-editions," as he called simultaneously published books. "Publishing has changed greatly in the past ten years," he told me. "For one thing, with no limitations on raw materials such as we had to put up with after the war, with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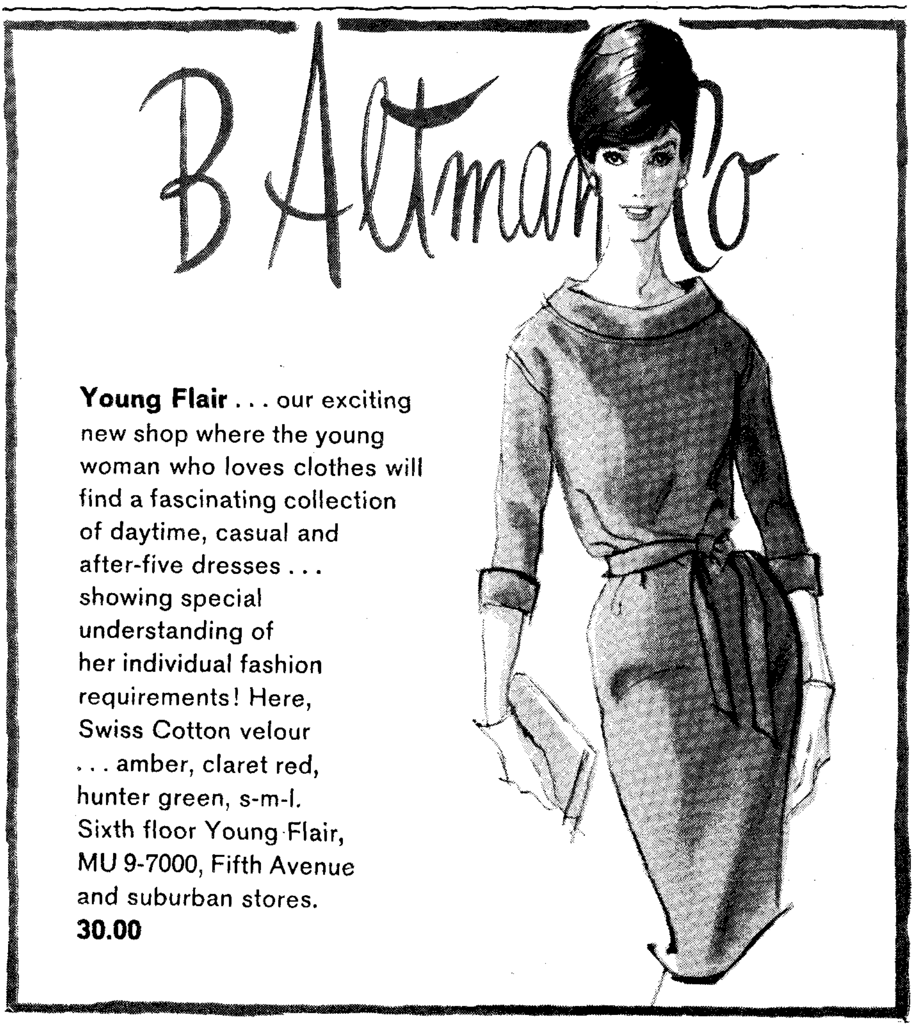
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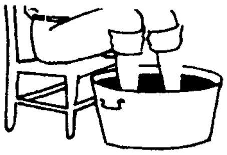

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the paperback revolution, with institutions like the campus bookshop, we publishers now have to think of meeting a demand; we have a seller's market. The old image of a publisher as a forbidding, hard-to-please fusspot has gone; we *look* for writers now. The change has made me believe firmly in co-editions, and I already have several in motion. For example, our firm can consider publishing a very costly art book if we can get in touch with eight or nine foreign publishers in advance and arrange for them to take so many thousand copies. We are then able to pay much more in advance to the writers and to spare nothing in the production of the book. And as for the small countries, if they come in on a co-edition, they are able to publish books that they couldn't even contemplate by themselves."

"What about fiction and poetry?" I asked him.

"That's quite another matter," he said. "I would never, as a publisher, want to develop co-editions at the expense of my private—or, let's say, national—list. But with the experience I have gained from publishing co-editions, when I find a book that I feel ought to be translated, I am now able to find someone among my friends who will do it at once, and who will see that it is translated well. With poetry, it is more difficult, of course. But the more success we have with co-editions, the more we can indulge our whims as publishers—pressing an odd book into Italian, say, and accepting one or two unlikely books in return. Exchanges, however, are never mathematical; we are not exactly bartering. But, like the writers who attend this conference, we are coming into a time when we are forced to take notice of what is happening in other languages and literatures simply because they are impressively *there*. But don't get the notion that we are going to create a gigantic, dehumanized multilingual machine. Publishing is an intimate business—a question, in the end, of personal taste—and when we publish a co-edition, it will always be because the taste of a few individual publishers is in accord, not because we have created a mechanism."

The publishers' stake in all this did not go unobserved or unappreciated. "I'll tell you what I've suddenly decided," a writer I know said to me. "I've decided that publishers are far more interesting people than writers. You know what writers are like—they brush aside one another's books, they're always gossiping, they're mean and generous in spurts, they're always striking attitudes, they have a whole range of

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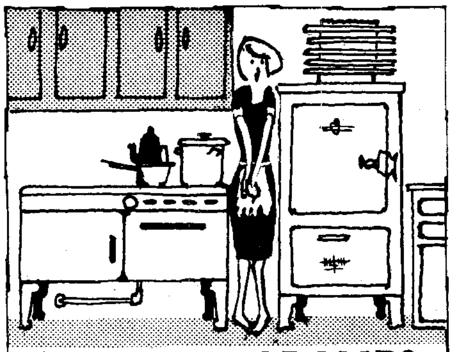

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personae, which they wear like suits. But publishers—dammit, publishers read the books. They read them because they have to know what they're doing; if they make a mistake, they're left sitting on top of a stack of several thousand useless objects. They think up ventures like this, and they have a much clearer idea of the state of the literate world than any of us. And it's they who take a great tangle of typescript and make it into a graceful, perhaps famous work. I take off my sunbonnet to them."

FOR six days, the whole atmosphere of Formentor had been that of a transatlantic liner grounded on an improbably beautiful coast, and now, as the delegates prepared to disembark, there was the same kind of wistful bustle that pervades ships before they dock. Writers and critics suddenly appeared in unfamiliar suits, exchanged addresses, and promised to meet in obscure national contexts, confident that they would be running across one another regularly, at least in print. A few stayed on the beach, extracting the last few ergs from the Mediterranean light before returning to the gloomy capitals of the north. "I've done a year's worth of talking in a week," said one of the survivors, "and yet I feel quite exhilarated by it all. Home is where the silence is." I, too, was reluctant to leave, but the time for my departure was at hand. My bags packed, I took a final stroll along the beach. There on the sand I saw a copy of Uwe Johnson's novel lying beside a sleeping figure; the bookmark in it was suspiciously close to the beginning.

—ALASTAIR REID

◆

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Seventy-four nattily clad 5-year-olds were graduated from Alta Loma Elementary School kindergarten Thursday—but their exercises had a new twist.

Ceremonies began with the usual dignity, including a procession to the music of "The Red, White and Blue."

And then the 72 students taught by Miss Frances Wilson and Miss Leah Lizer sat on the floor in two demure circles to sing songs and dance restrained dances.

First grader Michele Wilson, 6, delivered the commencement address: "The First Grade and What to Expect."

The graduates applauded and stood up for the recessional. Miss Lizer placed the needle on the recording machine.

That was when the exercises really began.

The nattily clad graduates proceeded to do the twist.

The principal, Miss Anne Powell, announced that they were now ready for the first grade.

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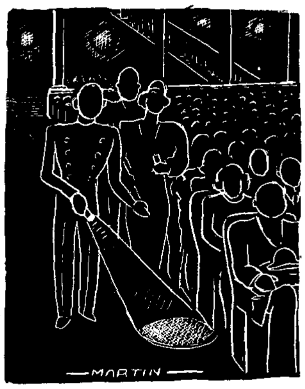
THE CURRENT CINEMA

In Perfect Tune

IN "Shoot the Piano Player," a brilliant and original French movie, François Truffaut, who wrote and directed it, uses every conceivable kind of comic idea—human and technical—to tell a sad story about a honky-tonk pianist in a cheap café in Paris. All the jokes and surprises work. Movement is accelerated, then stopped to living statues; a bottle of milk is splashed on the windshield of a car, and we look through it at the white-smeared city streets; a finger on a doorbell, blown up to gigantic size, becomes a Surrealist picture; there are photographic puns and Keystone chases. But the real triumph is the irony that pervades the film. An intimate scene is played at an open window, through which pour all the air and sunshine and traffic noises of Paris; a farmhouse that Grandma Moses could have painted becomes the background for gunfire. As you can see, the movie is made of fragments, some dim and mysterious, some sharp. Much in the way of meaning and feelings is hinted at, but little is set down squarely.

Only when the picture is over does the design, and even the plot, become clear. The pianist is a quiet, timid, girl-shy fellow, once a promising concert musician whose career was suddenly cut short. Now he wants only to be left in peace. He is frightened of violence, yet he is constantly being drawn into it, and is himself responsible, directly and indirectly, for several violent deaths. It all may sound very gloomy in synopsis—and, of course, it is—but somehow it is also terribly funny. M. Truffaut, who made "Shoot the Piano Player" after "The 400 Blows" and before "Jules and Jim," has compounded humor, imagination, logic and illogic, beauty, nonsense, and pain into a completely satisfying piece of work. He handles his actors skillfully, and he has assembled some good ones. All the performances are right, and, as the pianist, Charles Aznavour, who looks like a young Irving Berlin, is just about perfect.



"A MATTER OF WHO" presents the great Terry-Thomas as a zealous and intrepid detective, in London for the World Health Organization, who succeeds, even though he must disobey orders from his own department and from the Foreign Office to do so, in heading off a smallpox epidemic and in foiling a wicked oil conspiracy that involves several gold-plated sheiks and a sinister millionaire called Ivanovitch. The script is certainly intricate, and while much of what Terry-Thomas is given to do is funny, it isn't all that funny. He is able, though, to endow every move and every word with his own special brand of foolishness. Nothing could be more delightful than to watch him fitting his umbrella into a stand on his silly little car and zooming off to the next clue, or happily vaccinating the ladies at a formal party, or, dressed in a long black overcoat and a bowler, and using the umbrella as a ski pole, doggedly climbing a slippery Alp, or, every inch the public servant and the disengaged man, accepting the congratulations of his superiors with the modest, gat-toothed leer we know and love. He is supported adequately by a number of actors, and rather more than adequately by a very nice monkey, whose connection with the plot is tangential.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

TO THE EDITOR:

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

I have found the Puzzle of a Maxim which runs on "The Gentlemen prefer Blondes, but they marry Brunettes." It means, the man likes the white woman but he marries the colored woman instead.

What does it mean, rightly?

A diary novel of an American daughter said, *Everymen prefer blondes, so that the petticoat could rule the World, if they want to.*

Why it could be so?

I say, if the petticoat rules the world, where the men are? Her slaves!!!

No! The men, even old or too old, prefer Blondes or Brunettes, but they have to keep their pride of male-being, not to let something inside skirts rule them and dictate to them as the bland and stupid slaves.

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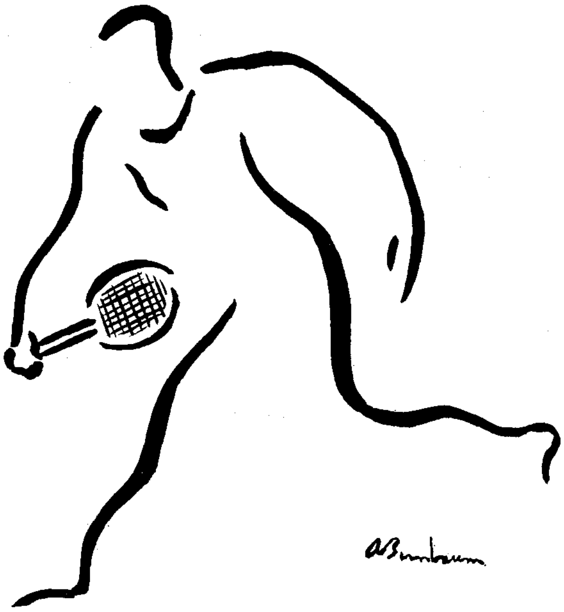
THE SPORTING SCENE

TROUBLE IN PARADISE



PERHAPS the oddest aspect of the present considerable boom in sports is that tennis, one of the best of the spectator games, has fallen off at its championship level to a point where today one is only periodically aware that it exists at all. This decline is the more ironic in that it has taken place during a decade in which tennis has been endowed with a large number of attractive, first-class players, among them Jack Kramer, Frank Sedgman, Pancho Segura, Tony Trabert, Vic Seixas, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, and, to be sure, Pancho Gonzales, possibly the finest talent since Tilden. The difficulty, of course, has been that, one after another, almost without exception, the players who rose to the top of the amateur ranks elected to turn professional, and after that, since pro tennis is a separate world—consisting, in the United States, almost entirely of an annual coast-to-coast tour—the only chance most tennis fans have had to see their heroes has been on that one night of the winter or spring when the caravan pulled into some neighborhood auditorium and stretched out its portable green canvas. Never in modern times have the leading performers in a major sport been so nearly invisible or their feats of so little consequence. As for amateur tennis, the exodus of the best players has been so steady that even the classic tournaments, like the All-England Championships at Wimbledon and the United States Championships at Forest Hills, suggest "Hamlet" not only without Hamlet but with scarcely even a Rosencrantz or a Guildenstern. Among the top ten players in the current rankings of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, for example, only one, Chuck McKinley, has been a finalist either at Wimbledon or at Forest Hills, and the others—Whitney Reed, Bernard Bartzen, Jon Douglas, Donald Dell, Frank Froehling, Ronald Holmberg, Allen Fox, Jack Frost, and William Bond—have achieved so little distinction up to now that they are not much better known than the first ten finishers in the A.A.U. cross-country run.

What tennis has long needed in order to restore it to full health, most of its followers believe, is the inauguration of open tournaments—open, that is, both to the established professional stars and to promising young amateurs. There seems to be general agreement that amateurs and pros alike would benefit enormously from open tennis, and, moreover, that it would revive a sense of pattern and continuity—something that is essential to a game whose popularity was founded to a large degree on the attachments that the galleries formed for favorite players, whom they followed faithfully season after season. Owing to one complication or another, however, the two camps—the professional group on one side and, on the other, the International Lawn Tennis Federation, the over-all governing body of the amateurs, which is composed of delegates from the various national amateur associations—have never been able to get together and work out a *modus vivendi*. As a result, the world of tennis over the past few years has become increasingly anomalous, with very little news about its major problem but endless reports spreading word that, say, Darlene Hard has reached the third round of the South Australian Championships at Adelaide, Ramanathan Krishnan and his partner have advanced to the second round of the mixed doubles at Düsseldorf, and Nicola Pietrangeli and Fausto Gardini have both thrown temper tantrums at the Gezira Club in Cairo. For all the confusion, tennis at this particular moment may be a shade closer to solving its basic problem than it has been for quite some time. The reason for this is the apparent withdrawal from the scene of Jack Kramer, who for the last decade has run the pro game as practically a one-man show, and thus has been the man whom the various national amateur associations and the I.L.T.F. itself have had to deal with in any exploratory discussions of who would exercise what control over open tennis and who would receive what share of the receipts from the tournaments. The position taken by the amateur bodies has been, in effect, that they should be the senior partners, since they would be providing the stadiums, the tradition, and the administrative personnel; Kramer's contention has been that he had the basic ingredient—the players—and therefore was entitled to the final say. There is one school of thought, by the way, that holds that, for all his protestations to the contrary, Kramer has never actually been keen about pushing for open tournaments, since they would have threatened his monopoly unless he was the ultimate boss. Up to a point, there would appear to be good grounds for this view, though it should be noted, in fairness to Kramer, that in the past year or so—whether or not prompted by the fact that age, injury, and sheer ennui have hobbled most of his top stars and made the immediate future of pro tennis less golden—he has indicated on several occasions his willingness to abdicate his power entirely if it would help speed the coming of open tennis.

Whatever the reason, Kramer decided this past winter, after a disappointing Australian tour and the retirement from competition of Gonzales, his only real drawing card, not to organize his customary coast-to-coast tour of the United States, and in May he announced that he was withdrawing from the promotion of professional tennis. In the meantime, with Kramer passing a quiet winter at his home in California, the top dozen or so professionals, their income diminished and their outlook murky, have revived a coöperative enterprise called the International Professional Tennis Players Association, for which Tony Trabert, who has been acting as Kramer's foreign representative, would be the executive director. Trabert's main job, of course, would be to see what can be done about getting open tournaments officially sanctioned. Be-

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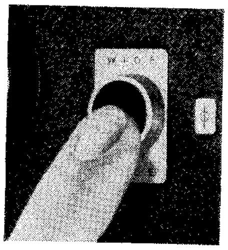

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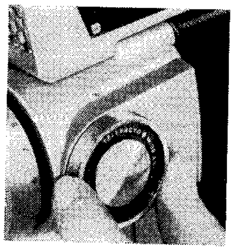

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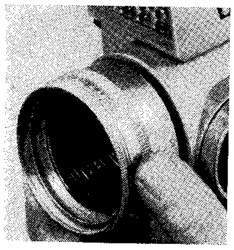

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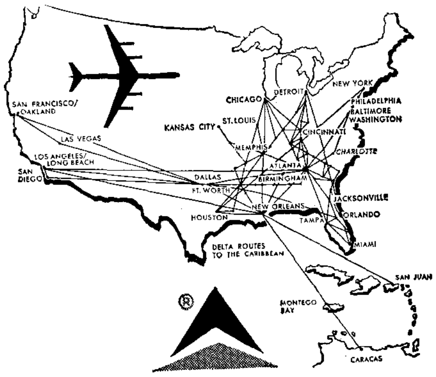

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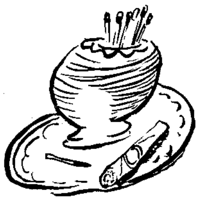
cause Trabert's personality has little of the thorniness of Kramer's about it, and also because he is not likely to insist that the pros have the same measure of control that Kramer held out for, he may succeed where the old czar failed, but it will require some patience. Having voted a few weeks ago at its annual meeting, in Paris, not to do anything about open tennis at this time, the I.L.T.F. will not be considering the matter again until the summer of 1964, because under the rules of the organization the same subject can't be brought before it two years in a row. In any event, it should be pointed out that open tournaments, when, or if, they become a reality, would not mean the scrapping of the historic amateur championships. Not at all. These would continue as usual, supplemented by a number of open championships and several professional championships; that is, the setup would be roughly the same as the one that has worked out so well in golf. Indeed, it is puzzling how these two sports, so much alike in their background and in their general lineaments, could have developed so differently. Whether because of a more enlightened attitude toward the early professionals, a less myopic officialdom from the start, or just plain good luck, golf, the older sport, launched the British Open for both professionals and amateurs in 1861, sixteen years before the Wimbledon amateur championships were first held, and right there and then, since the golfers of other nations followed the lead of the British groundbreakers, the game disposed of a dilemma that still besets its country-club companion a full century later.

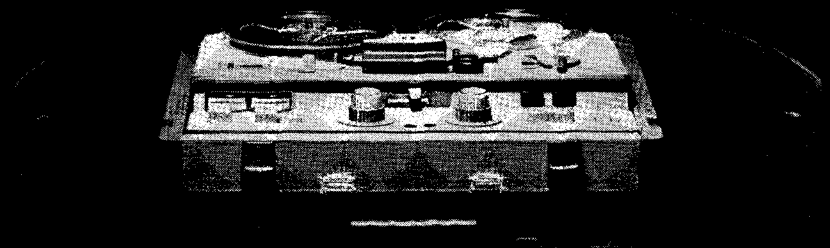


IN the current hopeful prospects for open tennis tournaments openly arrived at, there is only one disturbing element: It is hard to believe that Jack Kramer, having held the reins of authority for so many years, will long be content to take a back seat. In no other sport has one man wielded anything comparable to the complete power that Kramer came to have in professional tennis. Equipped with tremendous energy, an aptitude for publicity, a zest for both the bright and the dull sides of business, a really fine imagination, some daring, and infinite personal charm—and thus, it would seem, ideally adapted to life in the mid-twentieth century—Kramer made a very good thing out of professional tennis. On several occasions, it has appeared that his passion for empire-building overrode all other considerations, including even his fundamental love of tennis and the sincerity of his relationships with those around him, yet the very people who came to deplore his freewheeling business operations have always been quick to acknowledge that there is no one they would rather watch a match with, talk tennis with, or, for that matter, spend their leisure time with.

Kramer entered the professional ranks as a player late in 1947, having won every important amateur championship earlier that year—the U.S. Indoor Singles, the singles at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, and the Doubles Championships (with Bob Falkenburg) at Wimbledon and (with Ted Schroeder) at Longwood, as well as both his singles matches in the American Davis Cup victory over Australia. A big, strong, clean-cut, blond young man, fast on his feet and thinking all the time, Kramer had first come to prominence some seven years earlier, at the age of nineteen, when he and Schroeder, a fellow-Californian, won the 1940 U.S. Doubles Championship. After the war, Kramer perfected what later came to be known as "the big game;" on point after point, he moved right up to the net behind a marvellously powerful and accurate service to volley or smash the return, and he employed the same general net-storming tactics when he was receiving service. At that time, he was by all odds the finest amateur tennis player in the world. In 1946, he had the misfortune to blister his racket hand badly just before Wimbledon and was eliminated in the fourth round by Jaroslav Drobny. The next season, however, everything went right, his only bad moment occurring in the U.S. Singles Championship, when he dropped the first two sets of the final to Frankie Parker before coming on to take command of the match. That November, Jack Harris, who was then promoting the professional tour, offered him thirty-five per cent of his own cut of the gate receipts, and he accepted. Kramer was off and running.

During the 1948 tour, Kramer had no trouble handling the defending professional champion, Bobby Riggs, and won sixty-nine of their eighty-nine matches. The next year, as the king, he defeated Pancho Gonzales, newly turned pro, just as decisively—ninety-six matches to twenty-seven. In 1950-51, when his opponent on the tour was Pancho Segura, the tireless Ecuadorian, Kramer won sixty-four matches and Segura twenty-eight. These successful defenses of his title not only insured Kramer top spot on the tour but also gave him more than a little voice in the business end of the venture. In 1953, following several seasons in which he, Riggs, and Harris had been wrestling for control, Kramer emerged as the head man of the tour—its sole and undisputed promoter as well as its star. That winter and spring, with Frank Sedgman, the sturdy Australian player, as Kramer's opponent in the feature match (Kramer won their hard-fought series, fifty-four victories to forty-one), the tour set a new record by grossing well over three hundred thousand dollars. That season, incidentally, marked Kramer's last as a full-time player, and though on more than one later occasion he intimated that the tour's potential best attraction was still Jack Kramer, the unbeaten professional champion, he limited his appearances to playing in the supporting doubles match or pinch-hitting for injured players, thus freeing his energies to promote professional tennis on a really worldwide basis.

KRAMER organized World Tennis, Inc., to handle his international operations, and Tennis Tournaments, Inc., to handle his domestic operations, and while the scope of his activities eventually exceeded by far anything that his predecessors had aimed for, he was by no means the first man to discover that professional tennis could be an excellent source of revenue. The earliest of its modern entrepreneurs, C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle—best known today for the ill-starred coast-to-coast "Bunion Derby" he promoted later on—induced the peerless French champion Suzanne Lenglen to turn pro in 1926 by offering her fifty thousand dollars and depositing it to her account before they took off to barnstorm across the United States. Mlle. Lenglen drew huge crowds nearly everywhere she appeared, and at the end of the season Pyle gave her a bonus of twenty-five thousand—a nice gesture on his part, even though he himself made eighty thousand on the venture. The overwhelming success of the Lenglen safari led to the founding, the following year, of the United States Professional Lawn Tennis Association and also to a succession of cross-country tours made by Vincent Richards, who had also become a professional under Pyle, and Karel Kozeluh, of Czechoslovakia, the ablest of the European playing (as opposed to teaching) professionals. The pivotal



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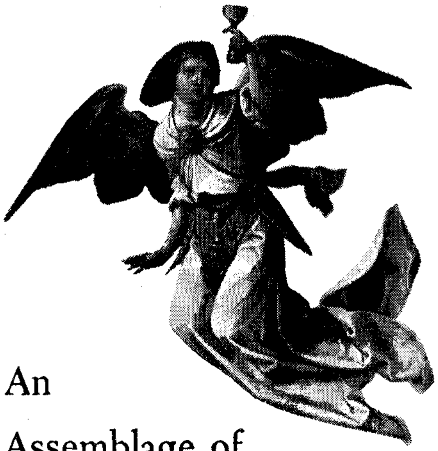

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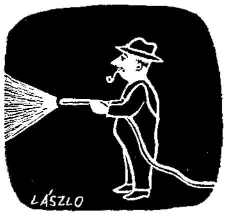
year, though, was 1931, when William Tatum Tilden II turned pro. While Tilden, at the age of thirty-seven, was definitely past his peak, he was still the biggest name in the game. He was matched against Kozeluh, who had proved himself Richards' superior, and when they opened in Madison Square Garden in mid-February, nearly fourteen thousand enthusiasts turned out—a harbinger of the large, exuberant crowds the pair drew as they made their way around the country. All told, the Tilden-Kozeluh tour grossed two hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars, a figure that did a great deal to eradicate from the minds of the leading amateurs the stigma that had been attached to anyone leaving the fold. In 1934, Ellsworth Vines turned pro and toured with Tilden. Three years later, Fred Perry turned pro and toured with Vines, and two years after that, in 1939, Don Budge, the first and only man to sweep all four major national championships (the French, Australian, United States, and Wimbledon titles) in one season, accepted a guarantee of seventy-five thousand dollars to tour first with Vines and then, briefly, with Perry. Except for one year—1936—when Tilden and Vines went on separate tours and Tilden's troupe, for some unaccountable reason, was composed of such non-box-office names as Bruce Barnes, Jane Sharp, and Ethel Burkhardt Arnold, these expeditions all made sizable profits, which compare very well with those rung up after the war under Harris, Riggs, and Kramer.



One way in which Kramer's operation differed from its precursors, once Kramer got going by himself, was in the territory it covered. Along with the American tour and the customary subsequent swing through the European capitals, Kramer undertook an annual sub-tour of Australia and various periodic junkets to South America and South Africa as well as to such remote backwaters of the backhand as Pakistan. In 1961, after several unsuccessful attempts to close a deal with the men who run tennis in Russia, Kramer was able to take his troupe to Moscow and four other Russian cities, where they played before a total of seventy-four thousand people. Broadening the range of tennis tours, however, was not the most distinctive thing about World Tennis, Inc. Where its true originality lay was in the shrewd methods that Kramer devised for perpetuating his control of professional tennis. From the days of Tilden on, the player who lost the feature series on a tour inevitably dropped from sight, like the defeated lion in a jungle clash, and the player who won, to fatten his proceeds from the next tour, with its new challenger, often took over some, if not all, of the functions of the promoter, running the enterprise until some younger and stronger lion upset him. Under Kramer, all this nonsense stopped. The device he used was simple enough—the airtight contract. His dealings with Gonzales provide a case in point. Following the thrashing Kramer had given him on their 1949 tour, Gonzales was forced to go his own way, but by 1954, the year after Kramer's retirement from active play, Gonzales had improved so tremendously that he could be ignored no longer, and was invited to rejoin the tour. Kramer at that time signed him to a long-term contract that was demonstrably unbreakable, for in each ensuing year Gonzales, who beat everybody in sight and naturally had ideas of his own, tried to get out of it and found that he couldn't. It was either play for Kramer or not play at all. So he played for Kramer year after year, even though, under the system, his share of the spoils as the perennial defending champion was appreciably smaller than what went to new faces fresh from the amateur ranks, like Hoad and Rosewall. Kramer usually signed his players to twenty-five-month contracts, many of which were amicably renewed with just a handshake. Here again, however, he showed his acumen. Each player agreed that if he should defeat Gonzales on the tour, he would defend his title for Kramer. It worked out very neatly. The only way a player could amass sufficient prestige to establish his own tour was to be the reigning champion, and as the reigning champion he was tied to Kramer.

Nevertheless, with the sole exception possibly of Gonzales, none of the players who cast their lot with World Tennis, Inc., had any real kick coming. Everyone made a good deal of money, and a few made sizable fortunes. They did this quickly, too, which is a far from unimportant consideration in a profession based on athletic reflexes—a profession in which thirty-two is old, and longevity of the kind that Tilden enjoyed is reserved for the game's rare geniuses. On the other hand, a good many tennis people, including some who have little or no love for the antique attitudes of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association and the other national amateur associations, are of the opinion that some of the methods Kramer employed hurt amateur tennis more than was necessary. To put it more directly, it is questionable whether Kramer's signing of some of the less stellar amateur stars of recent years, such as Barry MacKay and Earl Buchholz, was prompted as much by a need to build up his own roster as it was by a determination to keep the amateur ranks weak by plucking off the most promising youngsters. Even so—and this is perhaps the oddest element in the whole mulligatawny—Kramer managed to maintain notably friendly relations with the U.S.L.T.A. throughout most of the nineteen-fifties, when it must have been as patent to that association's officials as it was to everyone else that he and they were working at cross-purposes. One would have thought that the last person who would be invited to help coach the American Davis Cup squad was the promoter who was out to sign up those very players and render them unavailable for future Cup competitions, but Kramer frequently *was* asked to assist, and patriotically accepted. And whose voice did one hear broadcasting the big matches and interviewing the winners at Forest Hills? And some years at Wimbledon? Why, Kramer's, his pleasant baritone rehearsing the glories of the same championships that on most other occasions he had made it pretty clear were no longer of any consequence in his estimation. It was rather as if one had suddenly stumbled upon Macy's telling Gimbel's everything in a courtside box.

THE danger of any cursory examination, like this one, of Kramer's flair for commerce is that it tends to create a distorted picture, in which he appears as an old-fashioned cartoon villain, suavely stroking his mustache as he forecloses the mortgage on the home of an old widow labelled "Amateur Tennis." The truth of the matter is that amateur tennis's conduct of its own affairs hurt amateur tennis quite as much as Kramer did. Since that winter evening in 1931 when almost fourteen thousand fans poured into Madison Square Garden to watch Tilden play Kozeluh, and so assisted at the triumphant birth of professional tennis, it has been as natural for the talented amateur tennis player as for his counterpart in other sports to give serious thought to turning pro at some future stage in his career and making the game his livelihood. Once he

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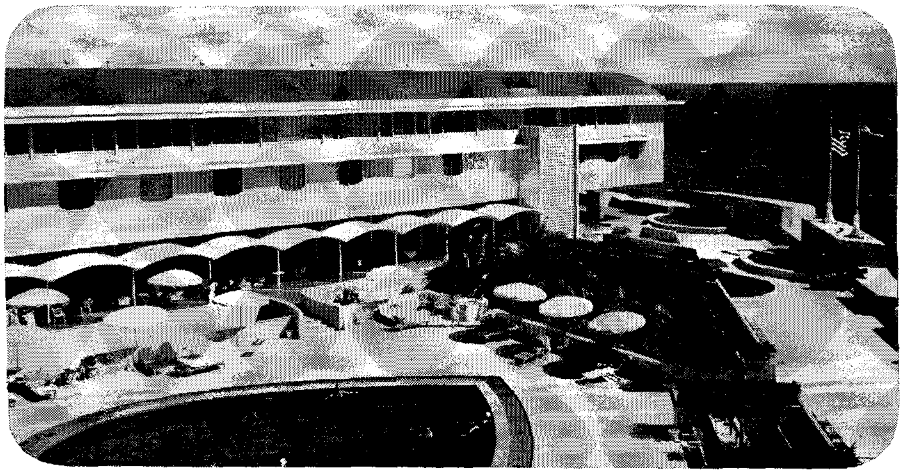

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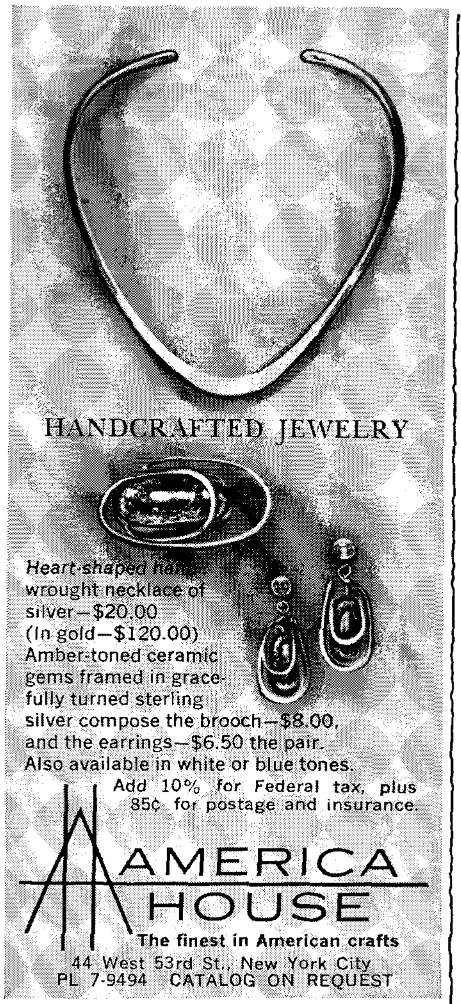

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has done so, however, he has been regarded by the amateur organizations more or less as a renegade—a man who put the dollar ahead of the game. It has been somewhat hard to go along with this point of view, especially since the first concern of the amateur organizations themselves has often appeared to be their tournament gate receipts, and the condescension they display toward their departed stars appeared to be fundamentally the pique of the promoter who has lost a proved box-office attraction. For that matter, as many followers of the game have remarked, there doesn't seem to be very much difference between a professional's playing tennis outright for money and an amateur's accepting travel expenses and "walking-around money" to insure his appearance at certain tournaments, or, in the celebrated Sedgman case, receiving a wedding gift of something like twenty thousand dollars to enable him to stay amateur and so help defend the Davis Cup another year—not very much difference, except perhaps that the professional stands out as better qualified to address the kids at the local Hi-Y Club on "Sports as a Character Builder." Amateur tennis's dogged pursuit of the double standard probably reached its peak in 1960, when the French Lawn Tennis Federation, following a curious line of Gallic reasoning, recommended that a third category of players be established—amateurs who would be openly paid to play tennis but would be designated "authorized players" instead of "professionals." (Jean Borotra prefers the term "nonamateurs.") All in all, if any one person epitomizes the strange mores of the disordered world of amateur tennis, it is probably a certain second-magnitude foreign star, who, observing early in his travels that he was being accorded extra-liberal treatment by customs officials as he shuttled in and out of countries en route from one tournament to another, reputedly built up a fantastic one-man export-import business.

Amateur tennis enjoyed its last period of fair vitality in the mid-fifties, when Trabert and Seixas were battling Hoad and Rosewall in their dramatic series of Davis Cup matches, and also in the big major tournaments. Since then, the game has been roused from its pervading dullness from time to time by some brilliant individual bursts—the ones that come to mind are Alex Olmedo's single-handed recovery of the Davis Cup in 1958, Neale Fraser's wonderful streak in 1959, Maria Bueno's play that same season, and some first-class performances by Rod Laver at Wimbledon this

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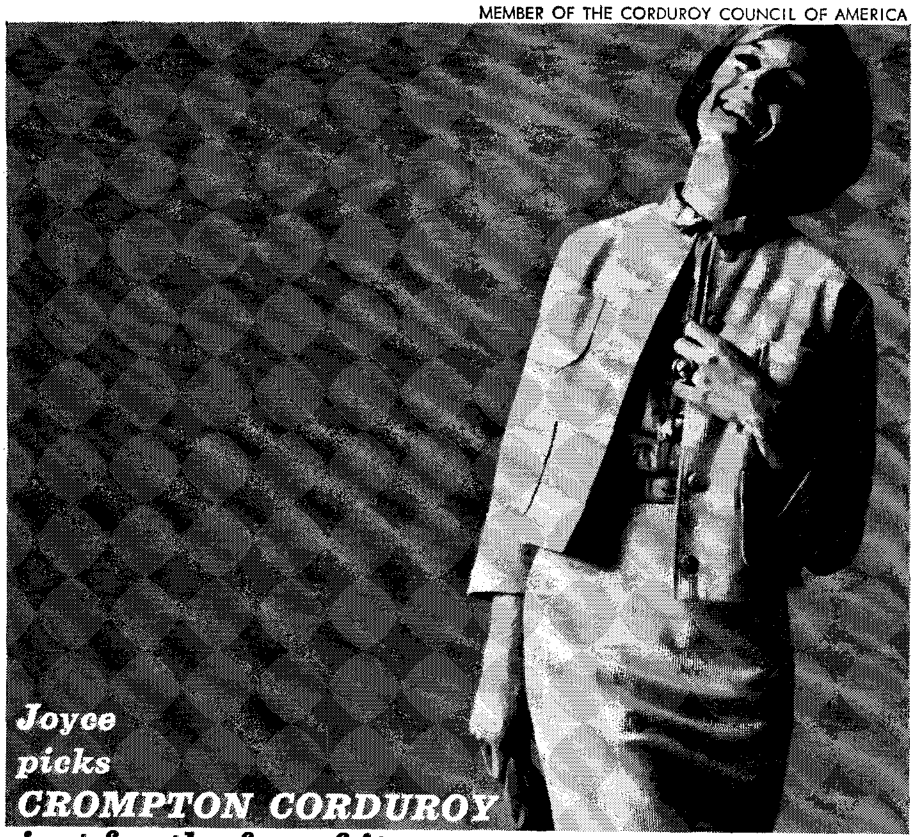
year and last—but for the most part both interest and attendance have fallen off badly in the United States, and, in the last few years, in Australia, too, where tennis has long been a thoroughgoing national game. The one luminous exception has been Wimbledon. Year after year, even when—with the exception of an occasional display of novel lingerie—the most exciting moment that the patient English galleries could look forward to was a well-played set by Christine Truman, their particular favorite, the crowds have continued to queue up in long lines for seats, the majestic old stadium has been packed, and it looked for all the world as though Tilden were playing René Lacoste or Budge were playing Baron von Cramm. For the lover of tennis, Wimbledon, very simply, is an institution—much like what the Harvard-Yale football game is for the old grad who, even if his team hasn't a ghost of a chance, wouldn't think of staying away.

One dwells on Wimbledon because, whether open tennis arrives year after next or never arrives at all, Wimbledon should continue to flourish. In sports, nothing puts the same tingle in the air as international competition, and it is at Wimbledon, watching all the youngsters and all the old familiar faces pouring in from every country on the map, that one best appreciates how completely international a game tennis is, and how few sports can match it in this respect. This, of course, is precisely the tradition that the United States should have been cultivating all along in its national championships, and it is a source of considerable exhilaration, and some amazement, to realize that this summer we will at least be making a tardy start in that direction. This year, for the first time, arrangements have been made to assure that amateurs from thirty-odd countries will be on hand at Forest Hills. We are indebted for this animated new approach not to the officers of the U.S.L.T.A. but to two quite unofficial individuals—Mrs. Gladys Heldman, the industrious editor of the magazine *World Tennis* (which has no connection at all with Kramer's World Tennis, Inc.), and Colonel Edward P. F. Eagan, the chairman of the sports committee of the President's People-to-People Program. The prime mover was Mrs. Heldman. Having observed that fewer and fewer foreign players were coming to our national championships, for the simple reason that they could not afford the trip, she conceived the rather bold idea of chartering a plane that would fetch eighty of the most logical entrants from a central loading point



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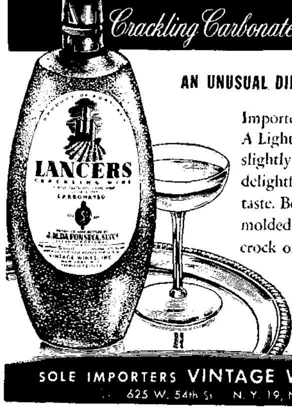

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in Europe, then carry them back en masse when the championships were concluded. With remarkably little trouble, she found among her friends in tennis ten men who were willing to put up eighteen hundred dollars apiece, against the gate receipts, to cover the cost of chartering the plane. Then, with the assistance of Colonel Eagan, she found fifty additional friends, each of whom agreed to act as host for a visiting player by picking up the tab of a hundred and twenty-five dollars that the Vanderbilt Hotel, itself certainly a ranking friend of tennis, will charge each of fifty players for room and board during his seventeen-day stay. Each of thirty other friends volunteered to put up a player at his home. With these matters out of the way, the Colonel began lining up everything from Carey limousines (for ferrying the players to and from Forest Hills) to free theatre tickets, with the result that a player whose record qualifies him or her for a seat on the plane could be a Galway librarian and still afford to make the trip. Curiously—or perhaps not so curiously—the only opposition to the plan came from the president of the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, who wanted to change things around so that the ten men underwriting the cost of chartering the plane would not begin receiving their money back until the gate receipts of the tournament had exceeded the 1961 receipts by fifty thousand dollars, and then would be paid back only fifty cents out of each subsequent dollar. He has since relented, the West Side Tennis Club and the U.S.L.T.A. are now properly enthusiastic, and things have reached the pleasant point at which the only real problem is deciding who will be the eighty players to get seats on the plane. All in all, it has been a revelation—first, finding out what the People-to-People people do when they are not distributing plaques at dinners at the Waldorf, and, more significantly, observing the dispatch with which a complicated project can be carried out, even in tennis, once someone recognizes what needs to be done. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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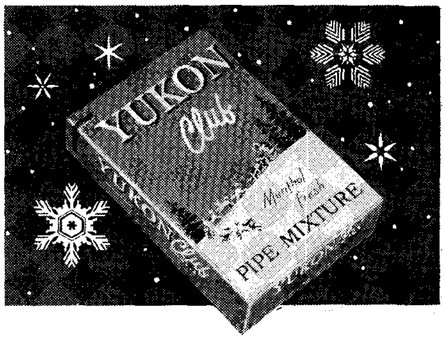

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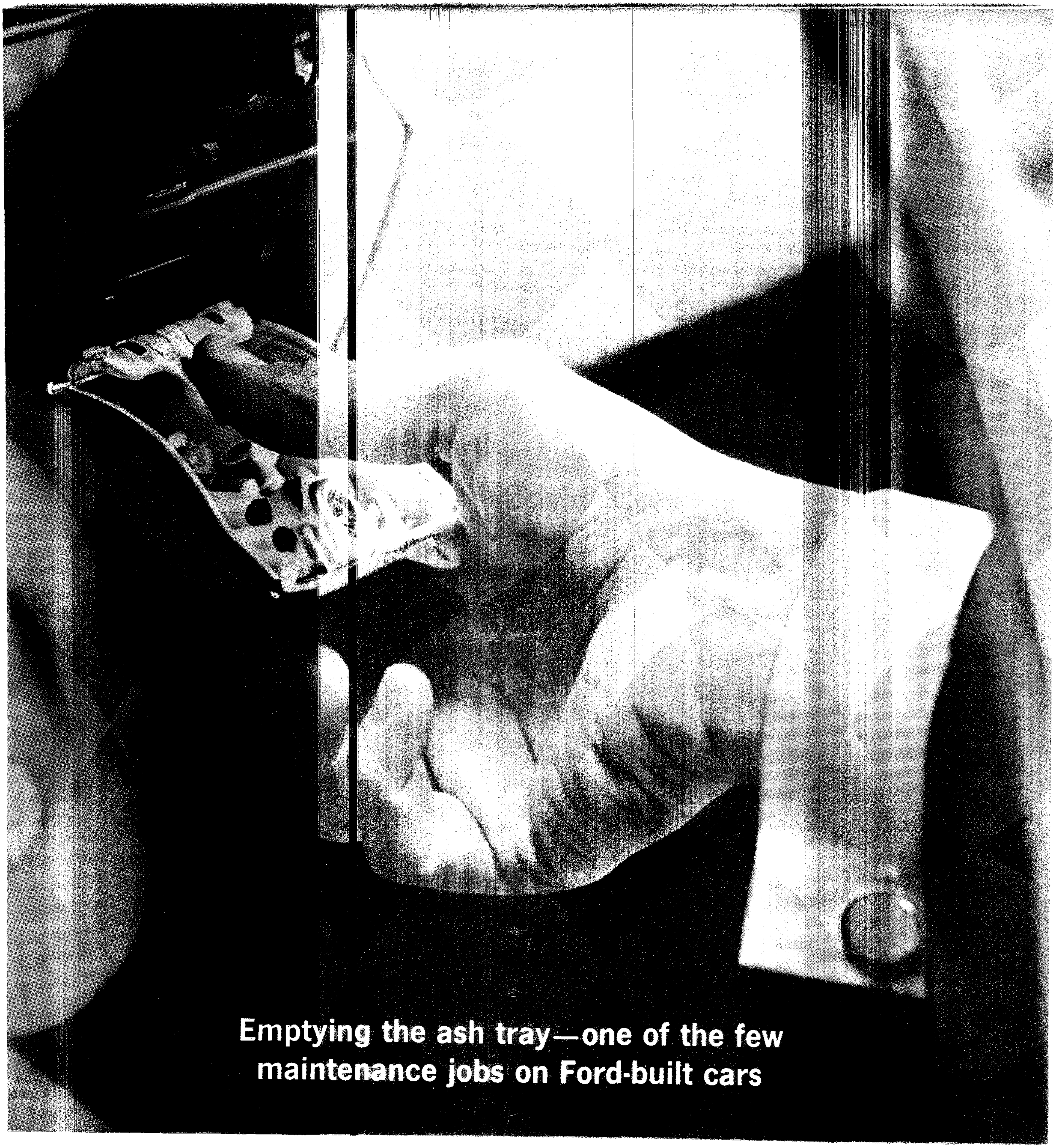

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 24

THERE is still, naturally, only one big subject being hotly discussed here—the extraordinary, precipitate, and unprecedented (in recent times, at least) wholesale manner in which Mr. Macmillan threw out a third of his Cabinet just over a week ago, starting with his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and lined up a new team candidly faced toward the next general election and the need to make the Conservative Party look more appealing to the electorate than it appears to look at the disenchanted moment. The House of Commons is to debate on Thursday the strong motion of no confidence immediately entered by the Labour and Liberal Party leaders, whose own confidence as to the way the country will view things seems to be in good shape. Meanwhile, the divisions of shaken Conservative opinion are being argued everywhere, between those who feel that the shock of the operation was unpleasant but will have the desired effect on the country's economy and on the Government's prospects, and those who fear that the unpleasantness will be duly noted by the quiet, ordinary citizens, who sometimes make up their own minds while the political commentators are busy telling them what to think. To judge by the talk, the sudden switch left many confused Conservatives wondering how the Government, which they had been led to believe was sound enough up to the evening of the fatal Friday, when the news of the first major reconstructions broke, could all the time have been in need of the violent overhaul that was completed on Monday, when a second brisk discard—this time of junior Ministers—headed for the obscurity of the back benches. Mr. Macmillan had been expected to announce some refurbishing of his Government in answer to the criticism that it was beginning to have a jaded look, but the scale of the alterations was a shattering surprise. What seems to have offended everybody, even those who think the remodelled Cabinet certainly has a more vigorous look, was the inelegant haste of the sackings, which were done in such a style, or lack of it, that some of the sacked ones, almost incredibly, learned what was going to hit them only a few hours before the news was on the nation's television screens. The usual letters of farewell given to the press, which are the traditional face-saving formula between a Prime Minister and an outgoing Minister, were (except in the case of Selwyn Lloyd, who received a missive from Downing Street in time to get it, and a short answer, into Saturday's papers) apparently dashed off like tardy bread-and-butter notes by Mr. Macmillan in the weekend peace of Sussex after his hectic Thursday and Friday, and were lamely made public a couple of days late. There was much tart comment, too, on his letting fly with a surprising shower of Order of the Companions of Honour awards—an order of the very highest distinction, being limited to sixty-five members—which several of the dismissed Ministers were handed as a sort of consolation prize as they made their doubtless astonished exits.

However the new team may face up to the trials ahead, the atmosphere of opportunist scramble in which it was brought in does not seem to have made a good first impression outside Westminster. Most of the controversy, of course, is raging around the principal victim. Many people regarded Selwyn Lloyd, often despairingly, as the front-bench figure that nothing could remove—neither the bitter waters of the Suez Canal nor the battles over his unpopular pay-pause policy. Now that he is gone, even the people who disapproved of the policies remember that they liked the man and his curious, dogged sincerity and loyalty, which have received, in the uneasy view of all, a remarkably strange reward (though, to be sure, he was one of those new Companions of Honour). This may perhaps turn out to be Mr. Macmillan's major mistake—a curious miscalculation of the British character, with its elephantine memory for old friends and its apparent inconsistencies, which can throw a Churchill out of office but retain him gratefully planted forever in its deepest affections. Vast numbers of the public, no matter how unfair they considered Mr. Lloyd's wages standstill after he became Chancellor, still remember him as the Minister who stood most of the gruelling heat of the day in the Suez episode. Many Conservatives feel that his receiving an excessively raw deal now over a policy for which the whole Cabinet presumably carried col-

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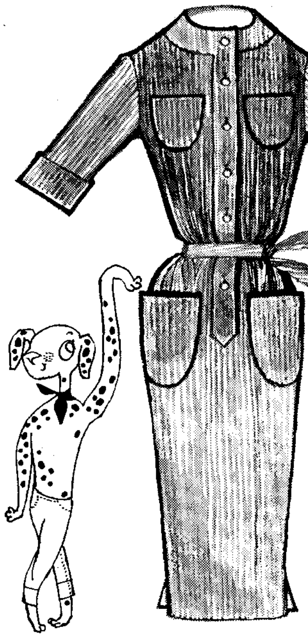

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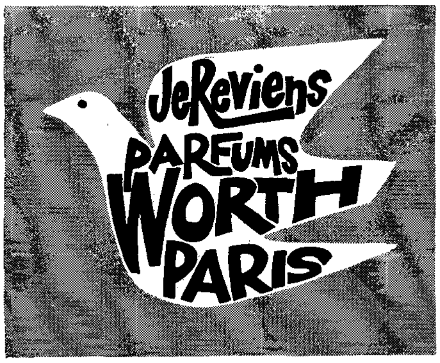

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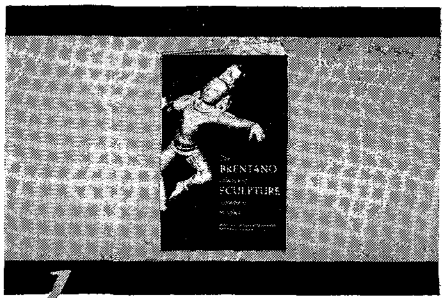
lective responsibility will deal a further damaging knock to Mr. Macmillan's popularity in the country, which recently flashed its latest laconic signal from the voters in the Northeast Leicester by-election as they made the Conservative candidate a bad third behind the Labour and Liberal entries. (It is thought to have been this new unfavorable result that made Mr. Macmillan explode his bombshell so abruptly.) Mr. Lloyd's old chief, Lord Avon, the former Sir Anthony Eden—another man whom many in the Party revere highly—has just spoken some spirited and obviously calculated words in his defense, which will certainly cause no pleasure in the Conservative Central Office, particularly since he coupled them with a grave warning on the possible consequences to the Commonwealth if Britain should contemplate political union with Europe as well as a marriage of financial convenience.

The seriousness of the government crisis, which is really Mr. Macmillan's personal crisis, is that it has combusted against the looming background of the Common Market negotiations, on which opinion is still deeply disturbed and divided, especially over the point of sovereignty, which Lord Avon raised in his speech the other day. The negotiations creep along, but it seems clear that the timetable of having something already cut and dried for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers to discuss in September, when they turn up here for their conference, has gone adrift, in spite of Mr. Edward Heath's tireless and optimistic journeyings between here and Brussels. It is also clear that much will depend on the strength of the new look of the administration with which Mr. Macmillan will face his Party conference in October—a conference that promises to be vocal on the Common Market subject and will doubtless be listened to attentively in Paris, Bonn, and the rest. The brainy younger men brought in or shifted to higher office in the Government noticeably include several ardent pro-Europeans, among them Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, who resigned as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1958 and has now made his big comeback as the new Minister of Defence, while Mr. Lloyd, in his turn, becomes a backbencher. It seems in the prevailing European pattern anyway that these men, mostly in their thirties and forties, are still headed by an elderly leader who possesses absolute power and has just shown it in this harsh, arbitrary fashion. Thursday's debate is now being awaited with intense interest and curiosity, to see



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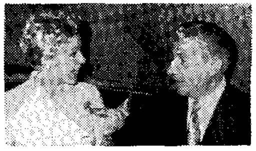

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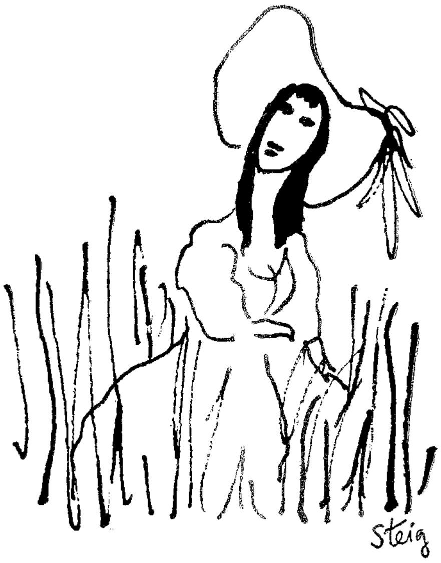
whether Mr. Macmillan manages to put new heart into his supporters, who need it, and also to see what it may provide in the way of clues to whether Mr. Lloyd's successor, Mr. Reginald Maudling (the prospect of whose new professionalism at the Treasury pleased the City and the economic experts), intends to keep to the straight, narrow, and unpopular path of restraint or to unveil to the country a corner of a lusher, more expansive landscape, which would raise flagging spirits in the business world. The Prime Minister's assurance that even though Mr. Lloyd has gone his policy will be carried on was skeptically regarded, apparently. The new Chancellor, however, is up against a pretty formidable bloc of opinion in Parliament, in his own Treasury, and possibly in the country, too, which holds that the Lloyd policy was in essentials right and is paying off. Though the business community would hail some relaxation with delight, few of its members seem to think that Mr. Maudling will do more on Thursday than hint cautiously at better days to come. One thing, anyway, that seems to be as certain as any political prediction can be in England today is that Mr. Macmillan will get his thumping vote of confidence in the Commons. However critical his backbenchers may be of his handling of the Friday massacre, and particularly of the short shrift given to a staunch colleague, their fear of a Labour Government is stronger, and they will vote accordingly. Such maneuvers probably do not decrease the public cynicism over politics and politicians today, to which last week's events have added.

FESTIVALS have busted out all over this summer, with pretty well every place that has any cultural or architectural good reasons making a bid, so it



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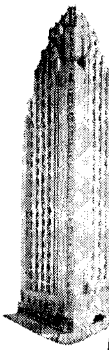

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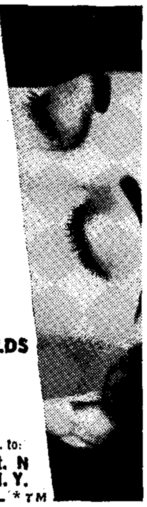

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seems, for visitors' presence and cash. The latest was the Festival of the City of London itself, which has just ended and was almost as rich in good things as its sponsors. For two weeks, the superb halls of the various great City Companies lit up their grand chandeliers one by one at night and resounded with fine music, some of it specially commissioned for the Festival by the Lord Mayor and the big City men themselves, out to show Londoners that their old role of powerful artistic patron is not dead and that the famous square mile can rise to higher entertainment than turtle-soup banquets. The setting for these events was uniquely beautiful. In St. Paul's Cathedral one evening, Yehudi Menuhin and the London Symphony Orchestra played Brahms and Sir William Walton's "In Honour of the City of London." (One of the critics recalled that it had in fact been written for Leeds some years ago.) The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths commissioned another (this time brand-new) Walton work—a cycle of songs, "For the Lord Mayor's Table"—which Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sang beautifully in the Goldsmiths' own splendid hall, to be exact. The Vintners sponsored a wine-tasting entertainment, located—somewhat unfestively, it sounded—in the Guildhall crypt. The Stock Exchange and Lloyd's hospitably opened their doors to visitors during the fortnight, and the Hudson's Bay Company was at home with a show of furs at Beaver House. At the Royal Exchange there was a vast, crowded exhibition of English, French, German, and American cartoons and caricatures—exceptionally hard on the feet (the floor being stone cobbles) but enlivening to the eye when you could get near enough to the drawings. The English section, the largest, was like a long social commentary, starting with Hogarth's great studies of London's teeming, gin-swilling poor and profligate rich; going on through the wonderful acidulous political cartoons of James Gillray, the jolly, bawdy citizens that Rowlandson painted in a water-color wash of wild-flower refinement, and Mr. Punch's Victorians, such as the chirpy little Phil May; and closing with, among the moderns, David Low, the Hungarian-born cartoonist Vicky, and Osbert Lancaster (who planned the show).

Two operas were given during the Festival: Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," newly arranged by Benjamin Britten, which was performed at the Guildhall, and "The Yeoman of the Guard," which was performed on the lawns of the moat of the Tower of London—a brilliant idea on which the English climate unkindly poured buckets of cold water on several evenings. The other night, heavy purple clouds made a stunning but ominous backdrop behind the turrets, and the audience, sitting in tiered stands, dived deeper into its rugs and furtively opened umbrellas. The cast, however, bravely continued to sing through showers that all during the first half darkened the women's light dresses and dripped off the rosetted hats of the Beefeaters, stationed in scarlet ranks up the steps against the gray wall of the Tower. In spite of everything, it was perfectly delightful Gilbert and Sullivan, imaginatively produced by Anthony Besch and well sung by the principals and a huge chorus, which included members of the City of London's flourishing operatic societies. The chorus made its entrances and exits along the green turf of the moat, giving a ravishing impression, as the singers surged back and forth in their bright clothes around the corner of the Tower, of a marvellously reincarnated crowd of Tudor cits pouring out to see the excitements on Tower Hill. Returning from this and other Festival events during the fortnight, everybody had the free spectacle of the City's great buildings floodlit, its domes and spires and towers soaring, light as air and beautiful as a dream, into the night sky.

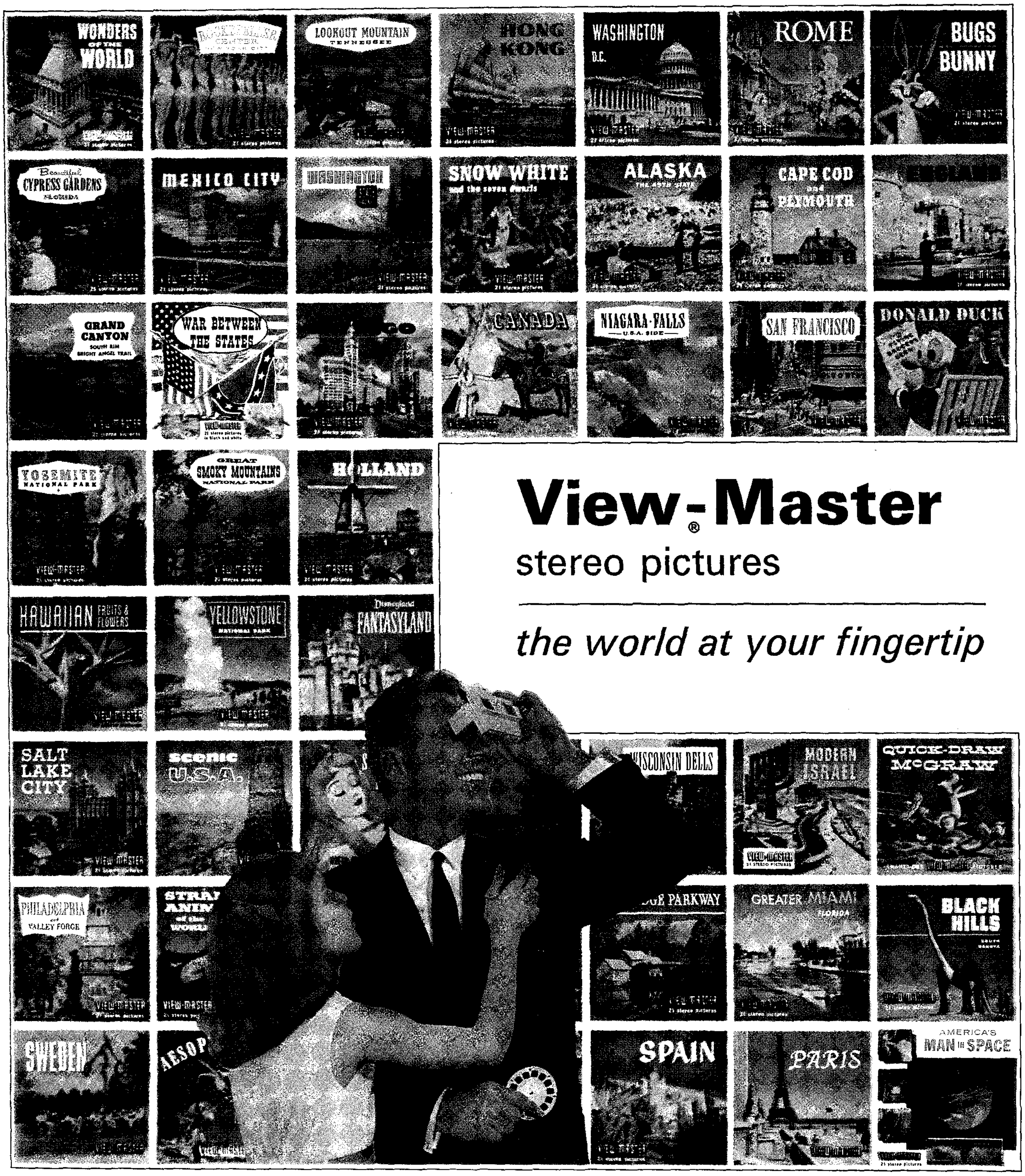
—Mollie Panter-Downes

• •

NO MOON, NO STAR

Sky is such a softness, is such dark,
Mat as the pelt of a black panther is
In his den's night. Under the mat soft black
Flows—a moving mirror of that pure dark—
The river. Sparse lights debate or affirm a farther shore.
But darkness is at flood where, slow, black moves upon black
Yet lifts two lanterns
A boat's length apart; they kindle the water
To brief life, moving down the river.
And vanish.

—Babette Deutsch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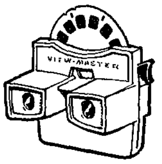
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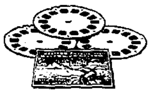
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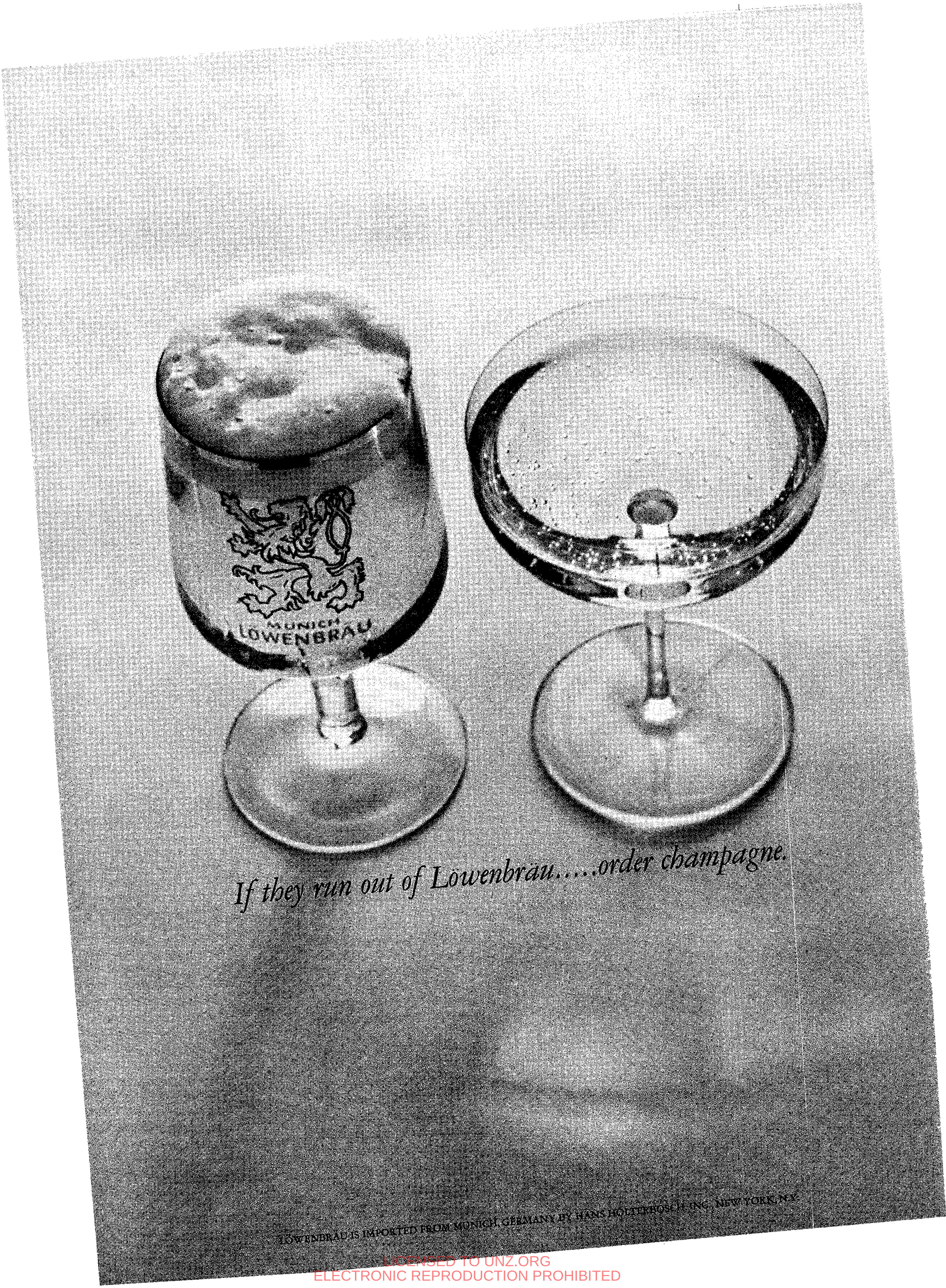
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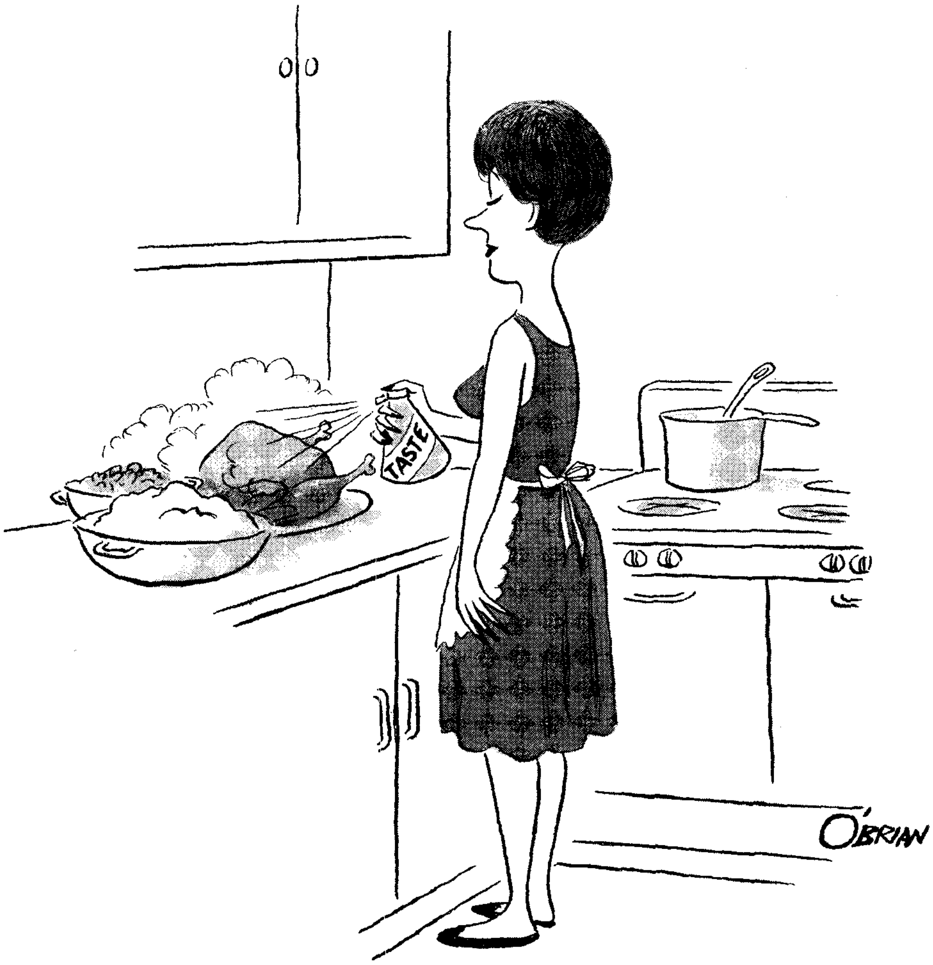
BOOKS

Wrong Pulpit

NOVELISTS are defenseless, soft-shelled creatures. But some novelists are more soft-shelled than others. These are the unfortunates who unwittingly describe, unfavorably and accurately, the very books they are writing. When this happens, the reviewer need only quote the passage, and much of his work is done. This is not a winning practice. However, the temptation is occasionally overpowering. Thus, a third of the way through his disquieting new novel, "Another Country" (Dial), James Baldwin gloomily and eloquently details the difficulties that one of his principal figures, a writer named Vivaldo Moore, is having with a novel-in-progress: "He did not seem to know enough about the people in his novel. They did not seem to trust him. They were all named, more or less, all more or less destined, the pattern he wished them to describe was clear to him. But it did not seem clear to them. He could move them about but they themselves did not move. He put words in their mouths which they uttered sullenly, unconvinced. . . . He begged them to surrender up to him their privacy. And they refused—without, for all their ugly intransigence, showing the faintest desire to leave him. They were waiting for him to find the key, press the nerve, tell the truth. *Then*, they seemed to be complaining, they would give him all he wished for and much more than he was now willing to imagine."

This is, presumably, a fair picture of Moore's book. It is also a painfully fair one of "Another Country." For Baldwin's novel is primarily a turbid melodrama. Forty-second Street (the novel is set mainly in New York) becomes a "great livid scar," and New York buildings at night resemble phalluses or sharp spears. The city's "incredible" highways are described as "stretching and snarling and turning." Many of the characters hover perpetually above precipices: "He felt that he was falling, falling out of the world. Cass was releasing him into chaos. He held on to her for the last time." The hot weather melts and the cold weather pierces. Rain is torrential. The lovemaking, graphically and frequently presented, seems far larger than life because it is generally between males (Negro and white or white and white) or between Negroes and whites (male and female). Moreover, the book's figures often seem to be *forced* off center. Rufus Scott, a Negro jazz drummer, has an unlikely affair with a poor-white-trash divorcée from the South, which destroys them both. (She goes mad, he jumps off the George Washington bridge.) Vivaldo Moore, stuck fast in his book, takes up in an equally unlikely fashion (he is white) with Scott's sister, Ida, and *they* have a nearly disastrous affair. Wound tight about these major figures are Eric Jones, a kind of All-America ambisexual actor, and his lover, Yves, a Parisian boy who has had a scabrous childhood. There are also Richard Silenski, a successful but conveniently bad novelist, and his conveniently frustrated wife, Cass, of venerable New England stock. But the melodrama these figures indulge in is continually checked by novelistic fatigue. Scene after scene is taken up not with what is done and said but with the endless cigarettes that are lit and stubbed out, with the drinks that are poured and consumed, the gestures that are made, the exits and entrances; sounds of inhaling, swallowing, and walking fill the book. Many of the relationships are halting, and not because they happen to be between Negroes and whites. They just don't make sense; they don't ring properly. One constantly has the feeling of reading *at* the book, rather than in it.

But Baldwin the polemicist-moralist-essayist is, no matter how obscurely, always close at hand, and it is this passionate being who keeps us reading, reminding us of the tough, humming essays for which he has become celebrated. Indeed, this Baldwin pops into view more than once, and when he does it is like stumbling on a valued friend in deep woods: "The occurrence of an event is not the same thing as knowing what it is that one has lived through. Most people had not lived—nor could it, for that matter, be said they had died—through any of their terrible events. They had simply been stunned by the hammer. They passed their lives thereafter in a kind of limbo of denied and unexamined pain." His novel is ostensibly about love, but in reality it deals with love, or possible love, between blacks and whites, and why such love holds so much agony. (Sadly, he ignores love between Ne-



What is new about

A New Russia?

by HARRISON E. SALISBURY

Author of *American In Russia*

Winds of change blow across the Russian steppes, but what is their force, their direction? A Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent — recently returned from his sixth visit to Russia since 1944 — here renders a report, utterly fascinating in its implications, on the profound social, cultural and political changes sweeping the Soviet Union today.

What has changed? What has not? Mr. Salisbury makes us see, hear and, above all, *feel* the altered tone and tempo, the new potentialities of today's Russia. An astonishing performance of *Medea* serves as introduction to today's dedicated intellectuals, the new "Men of the Sixties." Questions about Brigitte and "boogi-voogi" stud conversations with young men and girls of the "Lost Generation." A woman shopper in a Moscow market mutters: "Kashmar" (nightmare)! A professor at Ulan Bator University, in remote Mongolia, says, "We're all learning to speak English."

So, vividly, one discovers change or lack of change in church-state relations, in the arts, in the moods and manners of day-to-day living. And these remarkable firsthand impressions of a nation in flux shed brilliant light on the great political questions: on the intensifying struggle between neo-Stalinism and new liberalism, on Soviet policy toward the United States, Germany, China. Here, too, Mr. Salisbury is a sensitive, superbly informed guide through the maze of old and new — in a book that is as genuinely important as it is fascinating.

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HARPER

groes, against which all the relationships in the book might have been measured. He does, however, study the Silenskis' marriage, and some of his insights cut surprisingly deep.) In turning this problem over and over before us, Baldwin frequently forgets what form he is working in. But he never forgets the power he can achieve with words or the exhilarating vision he has so often raised with those words. And neither do we.

"A House for Mr. Biswas," the fourth novel of V. S. Naipaul, the gifted Trinidadian writer (of East Indian descent), is a cool, leisurely (five hundred and thirty-one pages), detailed, and often exceptional ironic work. Naipaul's sentences are lucent, agreeable, and rhythmic, and are effortlessly joined and paced. His rare metaphors are just right, and his ear—particularly for Trinidad English dialect—is flawless. His attitude toward his materials—that of a compassionate, self-effacing, knowledgeable, amused observer—is poised and sure. The pleasure of watching him at work is sufficient in itself. The novel is centered, in the most direct, unsymbolic way possible, on the short, sad life of Mohun Biswas. It starts, after a brief prologue, with Biswas's birth, of poor Trinidad-East Indian parents, and ends with his death, as a semi-educated, impoverished journalist who finally achieves his single hope in life—the ownership of his own house. Biswas (suitably called Mr. Biswas throughout) is born with six fingers on one hand, at midnight, and in "the wrong way." An Indian holy man prophesies he will be a spendthrift, a lecher, and possibly a liar, and though Biswas never really becomes any of these things (he never has the courage), his life is a steady succession of gentle failures. He marries when he is too young, and becomes hopelessly enmeshed with his indomitable, teeming in-laws. He hates them because they do too much and too little for him. He hates himself because he pities himself. He belabors and bedevils his wife and four children. He bumps sluggishly through life, and, his house at last gained, dies of a weak heart. Naipaul's portrait of the Trinidad-Indian community (Negroes and whites appear infrequently, and usually as foreign beings) is wonderfully calm and full. It is the kind of microscopic panorama that keeps sending people back to the Victorian novelists. And so are the portraits of Biswas himself, his matriarchal mother-in-law, and his wife. At Biswas's death (he is just forty-six),

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our hearts start out to him, then stop, for Naipaul never allows the pitch of his book to vary from a high and serene monotone. This, along with Biswas's unfailing humor about himself and his world, preserves him from our all too ready pity, lending him just the proper pinch of nobility.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

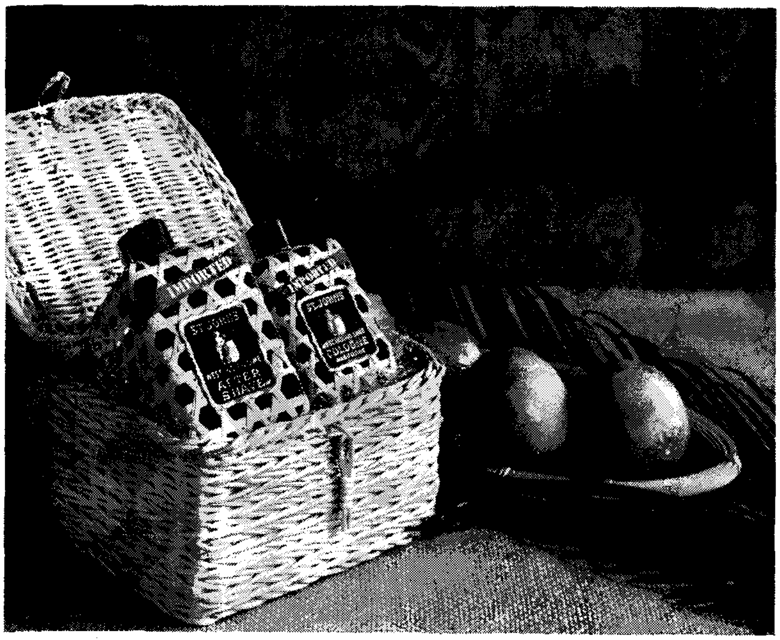
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Anne Green (Dutton). Miss Sagan's eyes have turned from world-weary to lacklustre, and it is a shame, because even in her present dull mood her writing has charm, and there is not a doubt in the world about her individuality. This is the story of Josée, who is French, and Alan, her American husband. These two are young, rich, healthy, and handsome, and they are bored with each other, and bored with their boredom, because they know it to be capricious and unreasonable. Their only recreation is outraging each other, in an attempt to discover which of them will find and take the fatal step that will lead to an irrevocable separation. What they want to find together is not forgiveness but no-forgiveness, and by the end of the story they are beginning to realize with horror that there is no end for them, because for them there is no fatal step. Nothing matters to them, and certainly nothing matters enough to be unforgivable. Miss Sagan presents an illustration of hell—a very earthly illustration—and it is proof of her talent that her work succeeds in spite of her obtrusive listlessness. The scene is Florida, New York, and Paris.

GENERAL

DIARY OF A UNION LADY, 1861-65, edited by Harold Earl Hammond, with a foreword by Allan Nevins (Funk & Wagnalls). This Civil War journal was kept by Mrs. Charles P. Daly, née Maria Lydig, of New York. Her husband was a judge, a Union Democrat, an influential figure in New York politics, and the self-educated son of Irish-Catholic immigrants; Mrs. Daly's parents, on the other hand, were well-heeled, early American (pre-Revolutionary) Protestants, and her family had opposed her marriage with might and main. Mrs. Daly never forgot that she had been snubbed by the Knick-



How to exalt a mere shave

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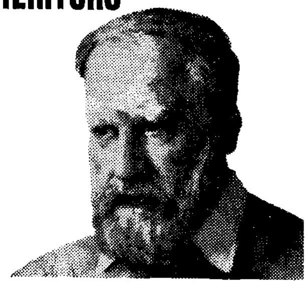

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erbockers, or that, as one of them, she was entitled to snub the rest of humanity. She met all sorts of prominent figures, and cuts them up fine in her diary. She complains about wartime inflation; she condemns the extravagance of the new rich; she takes part in some ladies' wartime activities and disparages others. Mrs. Daly's journal doesn't add anything significant to our knowledge of the Civil War; she records some malicious gossip about Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, but it's no more than she does for everybody else. Her diary, a notch better than history, is life—a minute, intimate, hilarious self-portrait of a bitchy good woman, irritable, querulous, censorious, self-centered, and idle, but not bad-hearted. She knew herself well; toward the end Mrs. Daly writes disarmingly, "Went out last night to a ball. . . . I had quite a pleasant time, having heard some ill-natured things and said some myself." Professor Hammond's introduction tells us that there are more of the lady's diaries—down to 1893, in fact. Here's hoping that he finds time to edit them, too.

Seven Winters and Afterthoughts: Memories of a Dublin Childhood and Pieces on Writing, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf). Miss Bowen's recollections of Dublin are brief, well-modelled, and reticent. They illustrate what, in one of her pieces about writing, she says of all her work—that a place arouses her imagination sooner than a person. The literary essays include opinions about the art of writing, book reviews, and introductions (including several to new editions of her own works). Miss Bowen's criticism is knowing, accomplished, kindly, and marmoreal.

•

Fernando Maia, a civilian employe of the Navy Ministry, invaded the store where his wife works as cashier. After berating her, he held off guards with a pistol, placed dynamite at the base of a main column of the building and lit a fuse in an apparent effort to bring down the roof in the manner of Solomon wrecking the Philistines' temple.—*The Times.*

Except he probably used a longer fuse.

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[*Adv. in the Cambridge* (*N.Y.*) *Washington County Post*]

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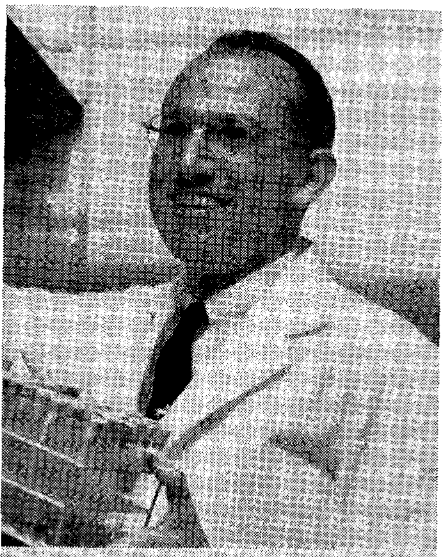

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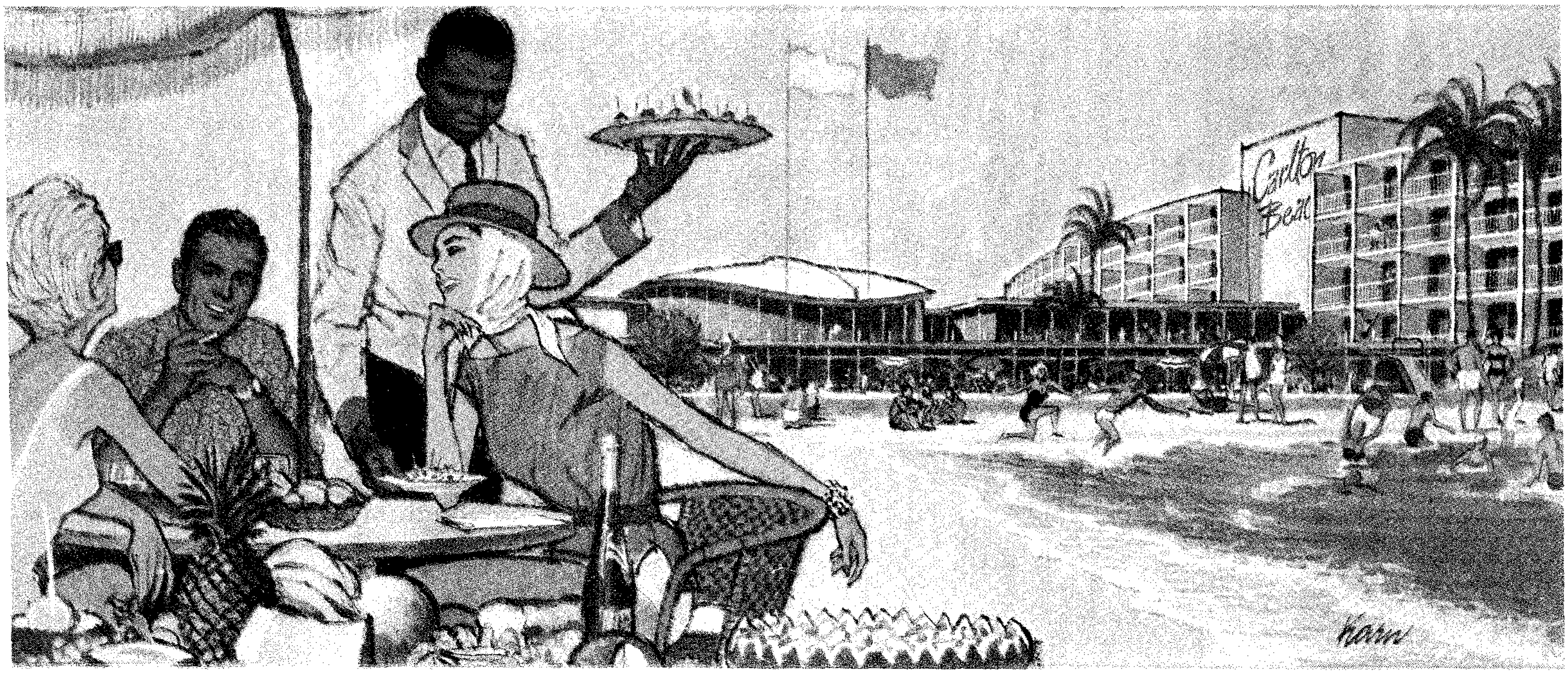

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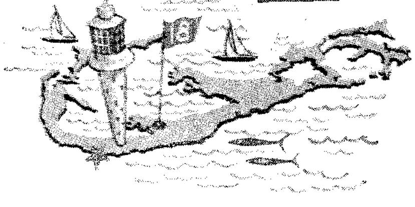

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